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BARBARA, REGINA, AND WASSER.

REGINA,

THE GERMAN CAPTIVE;

OR,

TRUE PIETY AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY

REV. R. WEISER.

PHILADELPHIA:



PREFACE.

WHAT! another religious novel? No; not so fast. The profound Goethe says, concerning his Wilhelm Meister, that it is no novel, nor is it a myth, nor an allegory. So we can say of Regina: It is no novel, nor is it a myth, nor an allegory, but it is a true narrative of well-authenticated facts, -somewhat enlarged and embellished, we admit; -but, nevertheless, all the main facts are true, and recorded by Rev. Dr. H. Melchior Mühlenberg, as you can see in the "Hallische Nachrichten," (page 1029,) where he informs us that Regina and her mother called to see him at his house in New Providence, in 1765, and narrated all the circumstances of the murders and captivity just as we have recorded them. Mühlenberg did not record all the circumstances in Those who were acquainted with Mrs. Hartman and her daughter, and who often saw

her, and had more time to converse with her than Dr. Mühlenberg, would of course learn more of the particulars. My grandmother, Mrs. Esther Weiser, -a daughter of Col. Jacob Sevan, and daughter-inlaw to Conrad Weiser, was born in 1734, and died in Womelsdorf, Berks county, Pa., in 1820, at the advanced age of eighty-six,—was well acquainted with Mrs. Hartman and Regina; and, when I was a little boy, I often heard her tell the story of the Hartman massacre and the captivity of Regina. And the recital of those terrible scenes made such an impression on my mind that the lapse of near forty years has not erased them. When, therefore, about ten years ago, the "Hallische Nachrichten" fell into my hands, and when I read the thrilling narrative of Hartman's massacre and Regina's captivity, it refreshed my memory, and I saw that it was the same thrilling story I heard from my grandmother; and I at once made up my mind that, as soon as I could command the time, I would take Mr. Mühlenberg's narrative and the skeleton of my own recollection, and I would at least try to fill it out into the form and proportions of a little book. This I have now done; and how well I have succeeded the reader must judge. That I have sometimes drawn upon my imagination must be admitted; for how else, in the absence of documentary evidence, could I bring the various links of the chain together?

This book is prepared for our Lutheran Sabbath-schools. We have a precious treasure in the history of our own church, and we should make use of it. God has had his martyrs, and suffering ones, and holy little ones, in our beloved Lutheran Zion, and we should tell the tales of their sufferings and sorrows to our children; and this we have attempted to do in the following pages. More than this:—the American Indians are fast passing away, and our children should know something about their cruelties, and thus see why God has permitted them to be banished from their native land.

We have interwoven many Indian customs and ages with our narrative. From this narrative we learn, as Dr. Mühlenberg says, in closing his account of Regina, the importance of early religious instruction. Here was a child cast off from all religious influences, among wicked savages; and yet

the seeds of piety sown in her young breast continued, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, to grow. "If," says Mühlenberg, "Luther were yet in this world, and were to hear that a child from Reutlingen—a free city which stood so firmly by the Augsburg Confession in 1530—had been kept, by God's pure word, in a remote wilderness, in a state of grace, he would bless and thank God for it, and with comfort and joy would he once more say—

"Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn, Und keinen Dank darzu haben."

This book is sent forth to teach parents as well as children how to live and die happy. May the blessing of God rest upon it!

R. Weiser.

FORT DES MOINES, IOWA, July 1, 1856.

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REGINA,

THE GERMAN CAPTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

In a beautiful and romantic country in the kingdom of Wurtemburg, on a small stream called the Echetz, which empties its sparkling waters into the Neckar, lies the old and famous city of Reutlingen. This city was famous already during the wars of Julius Cæsar, but became more so during the storms and convulsions of the Reformation. It was one of the fourteen imperial cities which stood by the Augsburg Confession, and solemnly protested against the iniquitous decrees of the second Diet of

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Spires. Hence arose the name Protestants,—an honorable appellation, which is now given to all those Christians who renounce the errors and superstitions of the Roman Communion. This city justly prides itself, not only in having successfully resisted Julius Cæsar and all the mighty legions of ancient Rome, but also in having withstood all those savage hordes of northern barbarians who from time to time overran nearly all Europe. And even at this day may be seen an ancient batteringram in the old town-hall of Reutlingen, which is said to have been captured in the Roman wars nearly nineteen centuries ago! Reutlingen is romantically located in a deep valley among the spurs of the mighty Alps—the Black Forest on the east, and other high ridges to the west. Near this beautiful city, in an ancient farm-house, in 1710, John Hartman was born, on the 20th of June. He was the younger of two sons; his parents were pious, and quite intelligent for people in their circumstances. He was sent to school when five years old, and before he was ten he had committed to memory nearly the whole Lutheran Catechism. There was nothing remarkable in his history. He was confirmed at the proper time, and ever after led a life of piety. He worked on the little farm of his father. Time passed on: the father died in 1727. In 1736, John Hartman became acquainted with a young lady whose mother lived in Reutlingen; her name was Magdalena Swartz, and after a year's courtship he married her. They lived happily together for a number of years until they had a family of children. The little farm that had supported John Hartman's father was found too small to support two families with com fort

John Hartman was industrious and frugal: he rose early and labored hard, but could with great difficulty pay his heavy taxes and feed and clothe his increasing family. He was often discouraged, and would sit down in the house, when he was done with his work, and meditate upon his hard lot in sadness and sorrow. Still, as a Christian, he tried to bear up under his fate. It was his duty, he knew, to be con-

tented with such things as he had, and he dare not murmur against the wise dispensations of Providence. But how could he help it, when he saw others, who were no better than himself, and with less effort, in much better circumstances?

He had often heard of America; he had a maternal uncle who had gone to America, and had settled in Pennsylvania; he recollected that his father had often received letters from this uncle—he would hunt them up and read them again. He could only find one, the rest were mislaid or destroyed, but that one letter was sufficient to fire his heart with a desire for the new world. We here furnish a literal translation of this interesting letter. Here it is:—

"Heidleberg Township, Berks Co., Pennsylvania, June 17th, 1726, North America.

"To George Hartman, near Reutlingen, Kingdom of Wurtemburg, Germany.

"Dear Brother-in-law:—This is to inform you that we are all well, and well pleased with America. We live in a good land, where every thing is plenty, and we have schools and churches. The land is good

and very cheap; you can get as much as you want by clearing it. Oh, I have often wished you were here with your family. You could do well, and live just like a lord. Sell your little piece of land, and if you only get enough to bring you to Philadelphia, I will bring you from there up to our place, which is about eighty miles. Here you can raise wheat, and rye, and barley, and potatoes. We have apples, and peaches, and plums, and other fruit. We raise hogs, and cattle, and sheep, and chickens, and have plenty of meat the year round. We live under the King of England, but we are not burdened with taxes as you are. Our land is very fertile, and easily cultivated. I hope you will come to this 'promised land.' Philadelphia is the principal town in the province of Pennsylvania, and Reading is the principal town in our Berks county. We live about four German miles from Reading. If you write, direct your letter to me at Heidleberg Township, Berks county, Pennsylvania, North America.

"Yours in brotherly love,
"Frederick Schener."

This letter made a deep impression on his mind. He had heard of America before, but never as a father. This was the country for him. His mind was made up at once: he would leave the land of his birth, and seek a home in the new world. No sooner had he made the firm resolve than he felt a heavy load removed from his heart. John Hartman was not a man of indecision; he was firm and resolute; he had an iron will, and when he made up his mind to do any thing, he would do it. One Saturday afternoon he knew the schoolmaster would be at leisure; he went to him to ask him about America; he knew nothing about it, nor where it lay, nor how to get there. schoolmaster answered all his questions, and showed him a map of North America, and pointed out the province of Pennsylvania, and informed him how he would get there. He told him he must cross the Black Forest and go to Strasburg, which is on the Rhine, and there take a boat and go down the Rhine to Amsterdam in Holland, and there he would find ships that would carry him across the Atlantic ocean to Philadelphia.

The schoolmaster encouraged him to go. This was all calculated to strengthen Hartman's resolution. He returned to his home with his heart brimfull of America. Yes. he would go. "Come what may," he said to himself, "I will go to America." But how would his wife like to go? He had never said any thing to her about it; he would go right home and tell her. She would, no doubt, agree to it at once. When he came home he looked so cheerful and happy, that the eye of affection at once saw that there was something unusual in his mind. "Why, John, what makes you look so pleasant?" "Come, Magdalena, sit down here, and I will tell you." She sat down on a stool, and when John had lit his pipe, he informed her of his determination. "Well, John, it is hard to leave one's country, and the graves of our pious dead, and our dear church; but if you think it best, I will not oppose you, but will cheerfully follow you to the end of the world!" John Hartman was not the man that could remain unmoved when he heard this. His heart swelled with emotion, and his eyes were filled with

tears, as he tried to say, "God bless you, dear, faithful wife!"

Their arrangements were soon made: their slender effects were disposed of, the papers obtained, and soon they were on their way to Strasburg. One of their neighbors hauled them over the Black Forest, and they had a pleasant journey to the Rhine. At Strasburg they took a large boat with a number of other German emigrants, and arrived safely at Amsterdam in about two weeks. Here they found a ship ready to sail in a few days for Philadelphia. In about a week, the good ship "New World" weighed her anchor, and spread her sails to the winds, and soon plowed her way through the blue waters of the ocean. The accommodations were good, and, although the passage was tedious, being sixty-four days on sea, yet it was prosperous. They had some rough weather—the winds blew an awful tempest, and the waves ran mountain high, and the passengers were much alarmed; yet the noble ship outrode the storm, and brought them in safety to their desired haven. Oh, how great was their

joy when the land of the New World was first seen! John Hartman and his wife thanked God for their safe passage. They arrived in Philadelphia on the twentieth of June, 1744.

The weather was beautiful, and although the city was then small compared with the present time, yet the country round about it was more beautiful. Nature was then seen on the banks of the noble rivers that flow through the city, in all her pristine glory and loveliness. John Hartman had money enough to pay his passage, and had even enough left to carry him to the country, and start him on a farm. But, alas! this was not the case with a number of those who had come across the ocean with him. They were poor, and had to become what was then called "Redemptionists;" that is, they had to be sold into servitude to pay the expenses of their transportation to this country. This was hard: the father was sometimes sold to one man, the mother to another, and the children perhaps to another, and thus the family was altogether and often forever broken up. On a certain day, a kind of an

auction was made, for the sale of these poor white slaves, and the highest bidder took either the father, or mother, or some of the children, and carried them off to places where they would perhaps never see their relatives again. I recollect, when a boy, of seeing some of those Redemptionists, who had not yet served out their time; and yet, strange to say, even this cruel system had its advantages, and the German character, by its own innate energy, rose above the degradation which it fastened upon it, and many of the wealthiest and most respectable families in Pennsylvania and Delaware are the descendants of these Redemptionists, or, as they were sometimes also called, Redemptioners. I was personally acquainted with one in my youth, who was sold, when he was seven years old, for fourteen years. Such was his energy and industry, that when he had been free two years, he rented his master's mill, two years afterward he married his master's only daughter, and, in 1818, he was the most wealthy and enterprising man in the county where he lived.

In order to give the reader of these pages

a correct idea of this system, I will here translate an article from the "Hallische Nachrichten," or the Annals of Halle, a work which is highly esteemed in the Lutheran church, as the only book that contains any thing like an authentic history of the planting and training of the Lutheran church in America. This work is mostly from the able pen of Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, D.D., who is justly looked upon as the Apostolic Father of the American Lutheran church. The article here given is from his prolific pen. It is found in a note on page 997. It would seem that the men who were engaged in the nefarious business of coaxing the poor German emigrants into this voluntary servitude, were a base and unprincipled set of scoundrels, and were called Neulanders, or Newlanders. Dr. Muhlenberg says, "I dare not omit the duty imposed upon me at this place, to make some remarks concerning the Newlanders. and to warn our German countrymen against them. I do not now speak of those persons who go back to Germany for their inheritance, or to collect funds for others

who reside here, and who sometimes lay the funds thus collected out for merchandise. which they dispose of in our markets. This is a lawful business, with which I find no fault. But when I speak of Newlanders, I mean those who are too lazy to work, and whose object in going to Germany is not only to collect funds, but to entice, by various dishonorable means, multitudes of poor Germans to leave their country and come to this new world. These Newlanders make themselves acquainted with the merchants in Holland; these merchants give them a free passage, and a douceur, or bribe, for each family or individual they can entice into the hands of those merchants. In order that they may accomplish their ends, they use all kinds of dishonorable and crafty means. They are accustomed to dress in costly attire, display their rich jewelry, and try to leave the impression that they are very rich, in order to stimulate the cupidity of the poor Germans, and to make them the more desirous to remove to such a lucky and happy country. They make such extraordinary representations of the country, that

one is almost induced to believe that all the country was nothing but elysian fields, that sow themselves without labor or toil; that the mountains were all made of gold and silver; and that nothing but milk and honey flowed from all its springs. They would make one believe that he who goes to America as a servant shall become a lord, the maid shall become a lady, the farmer shall become a nobleman, the citizen and mechanic a baron. Here in America, according to their representations, the government is made and unmade by the people, just as it may suit them. Now, as every person has a natural desire to improve his condition, who would not cheerfully go to such a country? In Europe, the land is overburdened with inhabitants, and especially as the labor of the poorer classes is not in demand, and the taxes and the (Frolindienst) service which the peasant owes to the landholder are intolerable; is it any wonder that so many are ready to go to America? Families are broken up, their little worldly possessions are converted into money, their debts are paid, and if any thing should be

left, it is put into the hands of the Newlanders, and the journey is soon commenced. Next comes the journey on the Rhine. From Holland, the emigrant cannot always start across the ocean when he pleases, and, therefore, he accepts money in advance from the merchants, or ship-owners. Then comes the enormous expense of the sea-voyage, and a head-tax for each individual. Before they leave Holland, they must sign an agreement drawn up in English, (which, of course, they do not understand,) the Newlanders meanwhile assuring them that it is all right, and that they would not, of course, see their countrymen imposed upon. The more passengers can be crowded into the ship, the better it is for the captain and owner, provided they do not die on the way. The ship is kept clean and pure, and every means is used to bring the chattel into market in a sound and healthy state. Formerly, they were not so careful to preserve life, but permitted those to die who could not live!

"When parents happened to die on the passage, the captain and Newlanders usually acted as protectors of the children; the chests

of the departed were opened, and the property taken into possession by those kindhearted scoundrels, and, when the ship reached the port, the poor children were sold to pay their own and the passage of their deceased parents; and, if there were any quite young ones among them, they were given away, and all the property remaining was appropriated to themselves by those pious guardians of the poor children, as fees for their guardianship.

"Such heaven-crying enormities called loudly for redress, and gave occasion to a number of the well-disposed German citizens of Philadelphia to unite themselves into an organization, called the 'German Society,' whose object was to aid and assist the poor emigrants, and to see that justice was done to those unfortunate ones.

"As soon as the ship is freighted in Holland, the wearisome and dangerous voyage commences. The hardships and trials of a lengthened sea-voyage, occasioned by sickness, and storms, and other causes, are very much ameliorated with the hope of soon reaching the New World, and in that new

world a perfect paradise. At length, one ship after the other arrives at the port of Philadelphia, perhaps when the cold winter is at the door. The merchants in this city receive a list of the emigrants, and the articles of agreement which each one signed in Holland; and then follows the account of the journey down the Rhine, and the money advanced by the Newlanders, the amount of freight, and the provisions they received. The passage for a grown person was formerly from six to eight Louis d'or; now, however, it amounts to from sixteen to seventeen Louis d'or, (which is \$74.48.) Before the ship can enter the port, according to our laws, all persons must be carefully examined, to learn whether they are free from contagious diseases. Then the emigrants are marched in procession to the custom-house, where they must take the oath of allegiance to the King of England; then they are marched back to the ship. Then it is published in the papers, that there are so many Germans to be sold for their passage. Those who have the means purchase themselves; those who have not

the means, or no friends to advance funds, are sold. The ship is the market house. The purchasers go to the ship, and select such as they want, make a bargain for so many years, go to the agent, pay down the money, and have an indenture made, which transfers the ownership for the time specified. The young people, of both sexes, are generally sold first, and get a good or bad situation according to the disposition of the master, or as God in his providence permits. It has often been observed that those children who were disobedient to their parents, and left them without their consent, generally fell into such hands where they received the reward of their evil ways.

"Old and infirm persons no one wants, for such are already too numerous. But if they have children, the children are sold for the passage of their infirm parents, and, of course, are sold higher, because they must serve so much longer. Thus, the children are scattered far and wide, among people of different languages, where they will forget their native tongue, and perhaps never see each other or their parents again. The old

persons are then permitted to leave the ship; they come into the city poor, spiritless, and naked, and look as though they had come from their graves; they then go about among the Germans and beg their bread: for the English people are afraid of catching infectious diseases from them, and do not admit them into their houses. These things are enough to cause one's heart to bleed. We see these poor human beings, who have come from a land of gospel grace, weeping and mourning, and wringing their hands in anguish! They curse, in the bitterest language, all the Newlanders and merchants who so grossly deceived them. But, alas! those who are absent do not hear those curses and lamentations; and the so-called Newlanders only laugh at their calamities, and give them the comfort which the priests gave to Judas Iscariot:- 'What is that to us? see thou to it.' The very children themselves, when they find that they must serve so much longer for their parents, often hate and even despise them."

Such is the picture drawn of this nefarious system of white slavery by Dr. Mühlen-

berg, and such a scene was acted on the good ship "New World" when she arrived at Philadelphia. As stated before, John Hartman had the means to pay his own way; and the benevolence of his heart even prompted him to assist several of his countrymen, so that they were not sold into bondage. I thought it important to say thus much about the Redemptionists, so that the children of our Lutheran church may know something about the hardships and trials our forefathers had to encounter when they first came to this Western world. Dr. Mühlenberg frequently refers to those wicked and unprincipled men called the Newlanders. But it was fortunate for John Hartman that he was able to keep himself out of their clutches.

CHAPTER II.

John Hartman spent several weeks in Philadelphia, in the house of a German. until he could make inquiries as to the most advantageous location. He finally made up his mind to go to Reading, and from there to some point near the Blue Mountains. On Sabbath he went to church, and heard a most excellent sermon from Rev. Dr. H. M. Mühlenberg, in St. Michael's Church, which was then new, but is now one of the oldest churches in the land. He and his pious wife were anxious to converse with this good man; so they waited in the front part of the church until he came out, when they introduced themselves to him. He received them very kindly, and inquired about them, and gave them good advice. The short interview they had with him left a very favorable impression on their minds.

They had four children, all born in Germany,-viz.: George, so called after his paternal grandfather; Barbara, Regina, (which in Latin means a queen,) which was a fancy name, and Christian, the youngest, who was so called after the excellent old pastor of Reutlingen. These children were all dedicated to God in holy baptism, according to the usages of the Lutheran church. Thus, you see, Hartman had a heavy charge upon him; and, like a true Christian man, he felt all the weight of his responsibility. These children were his treasures, and he felt that they were immortal and accountable beings like himself; and he and his excellent wife prayed for their children and always set them a good and pious example.

They left Philadelphia about the last of June, with a farmer who had taken wheat to the city in a four-horse wagon. The farmer was to haul them to Heidelberg township, Berks county, near where the celebrated Indian interpreter, Conrad Weiser, lived; for it was in that neighborhood where Mr. Schæner, the maternal uncle of John Hartman, had lived, some ten or fifteen

years before, and he thought he might perhaps find some of his cousins. could not find either his uncle or any of his cousins. Some of the oldest inhabitants informed him that a family by that name had lived there, but that they had moved over the Blue Mountains. This was sad news to poor Hartman. Here he was in a strange land, among a strange people, with a large, dependent family, and his funds fast decreasing, and no prospects before him. But he was not easily discouraged: he trusted in God. He became acquainted with an old soldier who had passed much of his time in war and hunting, and who was extensively acquainted in Pennsylvania. This man advised him to cross the Blue Mountains at a pass which he pointed out. In a few days he and the old hunter went over the mountain. The country pleased Hartman very much. The wild mountain scenery reminded him of his own native land; and, as several German families already resided there, Hartman made up his mind to locate there. selected a beautiful spot near where Orwigsburg, in Schuylkill county, now stands. It





HARTMAN AND HIS FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO THEIR NEW HOME.

was indeed a beautiful country. There were the tall forest-trees and the pure sparkling streams, and plenty of game, such as deer, bears, wild turkeys, rabbits, squirrels, and other animals. The land, too, would cost him nothing but a few shillings to have it patented. He returned and purchased himself an old wagon and two horses, for twentyseven pounds six shillings and eight pence; the gears were thrown into the bargain. He also purchased such other things as he needed, and on a bright and lovely morning he started off with his interesting family. In two days they reached their new home. The children were much pleased with the journey. When they crossed the Blue Mountains—poor things !- they thought they were in Germany and on the Black Forest. The roads were very rough and hilly, and frequently John Hartman had to cut an opening through the dense forest for the passage of the wagon. The first night they had to camp out, and were much disturbed at night by the howling of the wolves and the barking of foxes. But they fared well; Hartman shot five or six gray squirrels, and they had

cooking-utensils with them, and bread and butter and salt; so they made an excellent meal. And at night, after having committed themselves into God's care, they went to bed in the wagon, which was covered, and slept sweetly till morning. Soon after a hearty breakfast, they started again, and reached their future home about five o'clock in the afternoon. They halted near a large spring, where the pure, fresh, and sparkling water welled up in great profusion. "Here," says John Hartman, "here is our home. Here we will, in the name of the Lord, pitch our tent." This was in a lovely little valley with lofty mountains all around, with here and there a gap through which the waters found their way to the plains below. John Hartman's plans were all made, and well made too. He could handle the axe and the saw; and, although he was no professed mechanic, he could turn his hand to almost any thing. He had plenty of timber, and there was a saw-mill some three miles off. The land right round the spring was bare of timber; it was a kind of natural glade, and contained an abundance of excellent grass. The first evening was spent in making known his plans to his family for the future. After supper, they sang that beautiful German evening hymn, beginning

"Herr, der du mir das Leben Bis diesen Tag gegeben, Dich bet' ich kindlich an! Ich bin viel zu geringe Der Treue, die ich singe Und die du heut' an mir gethan!"

This hymn was sung by the whole family as they sat around the dying embers of the fire that had cooked their supper; and the profound solitude of those primeval forests was broken for the first time by the voice of singing and prayer. Hartman and his family felt safe. God is everywhere,—as well in those wild and romantic scenes as in the populous city; this was the sentiment of Hartman.

The children, however, often asked for the house. "Where is our house?" "How are we to live here?" "What will we do when it rains? when the cold winter comes?" To all these questions Hartman had but one answer; and that was, "Only wait a while, children,

and you will see." When they lay down the first night in their new home, they were very much disturbed by the howling of wolves and the barking of foxes, but at length they all fell asleep, and slept till morning. In the morning the sun arose clear and bright, but to the Hartman family it seemed to rise in the wrong place. Regina thought it was owing to the fact that they were on the other side of the world. Hartman went to the saw-mill, and bought a load of slabs and a few boards, and by the third evening had a pretty good shanty put up. And the industrious and judicious wife soon had her little household matters put in order. Hartman made a table by boring four holes in a wide slab and putting legs in; and he also made two long benches in the same way. And thus things soon began to look like home. George, too, was a great help to his father; and Barbara and Regina assisted their mother in household affairs. were as happy as any children could be. Hartman bought himself a couple of cows, and the man he bought them from made him a present of a half-grown puppy. George,

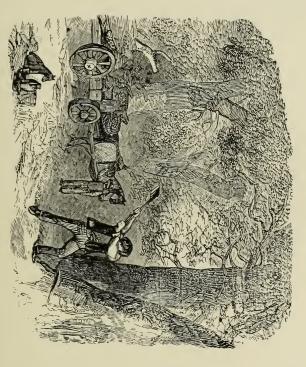
who had gone with his father for the cows, tied a string around his neck and led him home. All the children were delighted with the dog. A great question now arose:— "What shall the dog be called?" Some were for calling him Bull, some Penny, some Silly; but at length they all agreed with a suggestion of the mother that his name should be Wasser; and Wasser was his name; and a noble dog he became, as the future will show. Henceforth Wasser was a part and parcel of the family. He partook in all the plays and enjoyments of the children, and rendered important service to the family in helping to secure game.

Wasser drove the wolves and foxes away, protected the poultry, and made himself useful in many ways. The children were all so fond of the dog that little Christian wanted to have him sleep with him; but this the parents would not permit.

Wasser once had the temerity to attack a large bear, and was near losing his life, for the bear tore him almost apart, and it was a long time before the wound healed. After that, Wasser would not attack a bear, but,

when he found one, would only bark until some one would come and shoot his prize. Hartman and his son George next built a stable for the cattle, then got logs ready to build a better house, then made fence and got ready for the fall-sowing. But we have not time now to dwell on all the particulars. Let it be enough to say that Hartman prospered greatly. Here, in this romantic and retired spot, they lived and were happy for several years. Their neighbors were a few German families, and a few friendly Indians, who had come from Shamokin, where the celebrated missionary, David Brainard, had preached a few years before, and from which place he returned sick to the house of President Edwards, in Northampton, and died. Although these poor Indians were not truly converted to God, yet they had heard enough of the gospel to know that they had immortal souls and that they dare not injure their fellow-men. They could speak a little German, too, which they had learned from the Moravian missionaries, who sometimes visited those parts.

Here, then, almost in solitude, this interest-





ing family lived in the service of God and in the constant practice of those virtues that will make us happy. Morning and evening constantly witnessed their beautiful singing and their fervent prayers. Still, the parents could not but think often of their dear native land. Though that land had done but little for them, yet it was their native land, and the land that contained the ashes of their fathers! Mr. Hartman was an energetic, industrious, pious, and intelligent man, and his wife was an amiable and exemplary Christian.

They had both been carefully instructed in the principles of the Christian religion according to the time-honored usages of the Lutheran church. They were well acquainted with her doctrines; and, although they were not extensively read in polemics, yet they knew that the doctrines of the Lord's supper, as taught in the Lutheran church, were not the same that were taught in the Roman Catholic church. They believed in the Catechism and in the Augsburg Confession; but they did not believe either in transubstantiation, nor in consubstantiation, nor in impanation. They

had perhaps never heard those terms; but they believed—and felt it too—that the Lord Jesus is present in the holy supper. It was enough for them to know that every time they partook of the sacred emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Son of God, they were strengthened and refreshed in their souls. This was enough for them.

And as to holy baptism, they believed that it was an ordinance of God, and that all the children of Christian parents should be baptized. But they never were taught to believe—and they never found it taught in the Bible—that baptism was regeneration; but, on the contrary, they knew that they had been baptized in their infancy, and yet well recollected the time when they were not in a state of regeneration. They knew, too, by sad and bitter—and yet happy—experience, that all men, whether baptized or not, must be born again.

Their theological library consisted of—1. The Bible,—a great, large Bible,—with the pictures of the dukes of Saxony in front, and the Augsburg Confession in the back part.

2. The good old Wittenbergische Gesang

Buch, (or large Lutheran Hymn-Book, published at Wittenberg.) 3. Arndt's True Christianity. 4. Starke's Prayer-Book. 5. A volume of sermons, by Henry Schubert, then just published; and a Hundred-Year Almanac. Yes, they also had a German A B C book, but it was in a very dilapidated condition; still, the children could learn to read in it. This was the whole literary treasure they had. The Lutheran Catechism was lost; and on one occasion, when Hartman went over the mountains for salt and iron, he called on the Rev. Nicholas Kurtz at Tulpehocken, and got a new This library, though small, was a good one;—so good, indeed, that any man who had never seen another book or never heard a sermon preached could have found his way to heaven by its teaching. Schubert's excellent sermons were on the Churches, Gospels, and Epistles, and were read every Sabbath by John Hartman to his family, except on those few Sabbaths that he and his wife went to church, which generally took them two days. They had some twenty-two miles to go to a church, which

stood at the eastern foot of the Blue Mountains; I think it was near the place where Rehrersburg now stands.

Thus this good man lived for some time and walked with God. He had a good farm; and, being industrious and frugal, he had every thing in plenty around him. In Germany, he had hard work to get as much coarse black bread as he needed, and meat —he could get none; here he had plenty of fine wheat bread, and as much meat and other things as he wanted. In Germany, by the unjust laws, (laws there are only made to favor the king and the nobility,) he was not permitted to fish in the waters nor to hunt in the forests, and, as he had no money to spare, he had to deny himself these luxuries; but here, in America, he could go to the streams and catch the beautiful speckled trout whenever he pleased. He had learned the use, too, of the rifle; and many a sturdy buck and shaggy bear fell beneath his well-directed aim. Though they had every thing of a worldly nature that heart could wish, yet they often felt sad and lonely; for they remembered Zion, and wept. They both longed for the courts of the Lord's house; but no sweet-toned bell ever broke the deep solitude of their secluded retreat. They heard nothing but the howling of the wolves and the distant sound of the waterfalls.

One beautiful Sabbath morning in autumn, when nature was arrayed in her habiliments of decay and the forests clothed in purple and gold, John Hartman was sitting on a bench, under a grape-bower before his door, in a deep mood, looking at the falling leaves and sadly thinking of other days. His wife had been busy with her household affairs. When she was done, she came out and sat by his side, and, perceiving that sad and gloomy thoughts were struggling in his breast, she thus addressed him:-"My dear husband, what makes you look so sad?" "Oh," he replied, "I am just thinking about the fatherland. This is the Sabbath. I was just thinking that the people at Reutlingen are now going to church; and here we are, far from the courts of the Lord. I thought I heard the sweet sound of the bell on the old stone church; but it was only imagination. Bring the Bible here." She went in and brought it. He read the eighty-fourth Psalm. This psalm is not in German as it is in English. I think it is better, and certainly plainer, in German. Literally translated from the German, it reads thus:—

- "1. How amiable (or lovely) are thy habitations, O Lord of hosts!
- "2. My soul longeth and anxiously looketh for the courts of the Lord: my body and soul rejoice in the living God.
- "3. For the bird has found a house, and the swallow has found her nest, where she can hatch her young ones,—even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God!
- "4. Blessed are those who dwell in thine house! they praise thee continually. Sela.
- "5. Blessed are those persons who hold thee for their strength, and who follow thee from their hearts.
- "6. Those who pass through the vale of sorrow, and make therein springs of water and the teachers, shall be favored with many

blessings, or (more literally) ornamented with many blessings.

- "7. They achieve one victory after the other, so that one must see that the true God is in Zion.
- "8. O Lord of hosts, hear my prayer! give ear, O God of Jacob! Sela.
- "9. God our shield, behold us, look upon the kingdom of thy anointed.
- "10. For one day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I would rather be the door-keeper in the house of my God, than to live a long time in the tents of the wicked.
- "11. For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord gives grace and glory; he will withhold no good thing from the pious.
- "12. O Lord of hosts, blessed is that man who puts his trust in thee."

This beautiful psalm gave them great comfort. It was just suited to their condition, and they could understand it, especially the seventh verse,—"Those who pass through the vale of sorrow, and make therein springs of water, and the teachers," (or those who teach others,) "shall be ornamented with grace." This was the meaning Hartman gave it, and it was the right one. It would require a good deal of holy ingenuity for a person not acquainted with the Hebrew to gather much comfort from the English version:—"Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools."

"John, John," said the pious wife, "you must not despond with such glorious promises. We are in the path of duty; and, although we cannot visit the house of God as often as we wish, yet we have his holy word, and we can worship the God of our fathers even here in this wilderness. God is here too; look up at his great arched temple above. Let us only be faithful, and bring up our dear children in the fear and nurture of the Lord! We have promised to do this at their baptism."

"I know it," John replied; "and that is the thing that troubles me most. There is George and Barbara are now old enough to attend a course of catechetical lectures, or" (as he called it) "to go to the minister. Well, well," says John, "they shall go next Easter. I will send them over the Blue Mountains to Parson Kurtz."

This determination seemed to satisfy him. John Hartman felt that the responsibilities he assumed, when he had his children baptized, were not fully discharged until his children were fully instructed in religion, and until they took the baptismal vows upon themselves in confirmation. This was the only significance he could see in infant bap-He could see no advantage in wicked, unconverted people having their children baptized. Hence, an old, bearded man, who lived in the same valley, and who was very fond of controversy, could make nothing out of Hartman in an argument on infant baptism. The old bearded man, who was a Dunkard, rejected sprinkling and infant baptism; but Hartman insisted upon both, and, with his clear and scriptural views, he had no difficulty in overcoming his opponent. But he had now determined that his two oldest children, George and Barbara, were to go to catechize, and he felt quite relieved. His wife, too, was de-

lighted with the suggestion. It was not merely to learn the letter of the catechism that they were to go to the minister, for they had both committed it to memory, (and even little Regina could say the Lord's Prayer, and the creed, and the small questions;) but they were to go in order to learn its spirit, and, by the prayers and exhortations of the good pastor, to be converted to God. They wanted their children to feel and know that they were lost and ruined sinners, and that nothing but the blood of Christ could save them. They had been awakened and converted under similar circumstances in Germany; and their good old pastor, before they left Reutlingen, had told them that the Lutheran church in America was the same as that in Germany. He knew Pastor Mühlenberg in Philadelphia, for he had seen him at Halle, and also at Grosshennersdorf, where he (then Deacon Mühlenberg) was superintendent of an orphan asylum. "You may depend upon it," says the old pastor, "all those Lutheran preachers in America who go with Pastor Mühlenberg are the right kind of Lutherans." This was a source of great comfort to Hartman and his wife, that, though they left their native country, they would not have to leave their church, for that church, thank God! was transplanted to this Western world a number of years before they came. And here it was safe from the storms of infidelity and rationalism which, unfortunately, overran the mother church in after-ages.

As it was the Sabbath, Mrs. Hartman proposed that they would now go into the house and hold their worship. The children all assembled; even the little Christian knew his place, on the little block in the great chimney-corner; and, after having read a chapter from the Bible, tracy sang that beautiful hymn, beginning...

"Allein und doch nicht gantz allein bin ich."

which is, in English,-

"Alone, and not alone, am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh;
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with him, and he with me,
E'en here alone I cannot be."

This beautiful hymn was a favorite hymn with Mrs. Hartman. She generally sang it when her husband was away. The children had also learned it, and Regina often sang it herself; and you will see, in the following pages, one of the most thrillingly-interesting scenes in the whole history of true piety, connected with Regina and this hymn. The singing and prayers cheered up the hearts of those pious emigrants, and they went on their way rejoicing. Thus their solitude was sweetened by religion; they loved, feared, and worshipped God, and God, according to his promise, comforted them in their exile. Their family devotions were never omitted; family prayer was no task to them, but a pleasure and a delight. They were truly a happy family; the light of God's countenance shone upon them. Every thing in their hands seemed to prosper. They had a few German neighbors; and a few friendly Indians occasionally visited them, and always shared the hospitality of their house. But the children, especially Regina, were always afraid of them; they looked so ugly, in their moccasins and dirty blankets, and the great brass rings they had in their ears.

Thus the Hartman family moved on, for some time, with nothing to mar their peace; but, when affliction did come, it came like a terrible storm.

CHAPTER III.

Let us now look more minutely at this pious and interesting German family in the wilderness.

The family, as we have already stated, consisted of the father, the mother, and four children,—viz.: George, the eldest, aged about fifteen years, but was large and stout for his years; Barbara, aged about thirteen; Regina, aged about ten, and little Christian, aged about four and a half. Regina was the pride of the family. Mrs. Hartman sometimes playfully boasted that Regina took after her family; while John would insist upon it that she was a Hartman out and out.

It was a source of great pleasure to these pious parents—and they often thanked God for it—that their children were all sound in body and well-formed, and had all their senses in perfection. They were all dedicated to

God in holy baptism, when they promised to bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord; and how faithfully they attended to this duty the sequel will show. There were, of course, no schools in their neighborhood, and the parents had to instruct them as well as they could during the long winter evenings. George and Barbara had gone some to school in Germany, and Regina had learned to read, and little Christian could say his letters and spell a little. They were all carefully taught the Lutheran Catechism, and were also taught to sing and to pray. They were also early taught to work and thus to make themselves useful. They knew nothing about idleness, which is so often the cause of mischief and bad habits. They had their little German plays, and remembered many little stories which they had heard in Germany, and sometimes their kind mother would tell them one. They were brought up well, and early taught to obey their parents. They always spoke the truth, and never denied any thing they had done. They were early taught, too, to remember that God,

who, though he dwells in the heavens, beholds all the thoughts and actions of little children as well as grown persons. This had an excellent effect upon their young and tender minds. It was this thought that made them such good children and saved them from so many sins which most children commit.

In order as much as possible to root out of their naturally depraved hearts that inbred selfishness which is the lot of every fallen child of Adam, the pious parents tried to instill into their young and tender hearts sentiments of generosity, love, and benevolence. Even little Christian had his natural selfishness so far overcome that he would share his last crust of bread with Wasser, the faithful house-dog. If one of the children would happen to find a fine lot of wild strawberries, or raspberries, or grapes, or any other kind of fruit, he would be sure to bring them home and share with the rest. And when they had any work to do, the one would not put the most labor on the other, but each one would do his or her ful. part according to ability. If the cows had to be hunted in the forest, or the pigs, all wanted to go. Another very commendable trait in these children was, that they never quarrelled with each other,—not even in sport,—but loved each other, and were always kind and cheerful. Oh, what happy children they were! Would that all the children that read this book were like them. How different do we often find it among children of the same family! All children could be happy if they would do like these little German children of the woods. For these dear little children were by nature just like all other children.

John Hartman, like most of his countrymen, was naturally passionate and of a hasty temper, and if the grace of God had not renewed his wicked heart he would have been, like the rest of them, ungovernable, and perhaps dangerous; but religion had changed the lion into the lamb. And his wife, Magdalena, was truly a model woman; she was always cheerful and happy and even-tempered. Her bright and cheerful countenance always diffused joy and happiness around her. If you want to see

a full-length portrait of this excellent German housewife, just look at the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, and there you will find it. Her price was indeed far above rubies; the heart of her husband could safely trust in her; and, as it is in the German Bible, "Nourishment was never wanting in her house. She could make the spinning-wheel hum and buzz most merrily; her children were always warmly clad. She feared not the cold nor the snow. She opened her mouth in wisdom, and on her tongue was the law of kindness. She indeed did look well to her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children called her blessed, and her husband praised her."

Many a time did John Hartman thank God for having given him such an excellent companion. And well he might; for it was she, in a great measure, had made him what he then was; her mild and amiable disposition had a powerful influence upon him. What a rich blessing a pious wife is to a family! It is a hard thing for a wicked husband to resist the holy and calm influence of a pious wife.

George was a fine, large boy, past fifteen, and was a great help to his father; for he could plough and harrow, and drive the team, and chop wood, and, as he was brought up to labor, he was as willing to work as he was able. Barbara, too, was a fine, hardy girl, and a great comfort to her mother; she could knit, and sew, and spin, and sometimes even did the baking. But Regina was the flower of the flock. She was just turned of ten years, but was quite large for her age. She was a beautiful girl; indeed, one seldom sees a more beautiful creature in town or country than she was. It is a pity that she lived before the art of daguerreotyping was discovered, or before the sun had got to be a portrait-painter, or we should have had a picture of this mountain maid in this book. In those days none but the rich people had their portraits and miniatures taken. But, fortunately, in my youth I was acquainted with a number of old people in Berks county who had known Regina Hartman well and recollected how she looked. She had a well-formed body, wither corpulent nor slender, and fine, round, faultless head, covered with a profusion of soft, wavy, light auburn hair; a bright hazel eye; a Grecian nose; a mouth of exquisite mould; a fair, transparent skin, and her cheeks rivalled the richest carmine of the new-blown rose. She was full of life and animation, always cheerful and happy. When she strolled—as she sometimes did through the dense forests, and exercised her lungs in singing, she seemed like a sylvan fairy. Her voice sounded delightfully under the arched foliage of the lofty pines. When George was engaged with his father, the girls, Barbara and Regina, had to hunt the cows in the deep forests that surrounded their father's house. On one occasion they had gone farther into the forest than usual. They heard a noise in the thick underwood: and, on going nearer, they saw a great bear with two cubs. They were dreadfully alarmed. Little Christian, as usual, had followed them. Barbara ran with all her might, never thinking of her little brother. But not so Regina; she caught the child, and carried it along until they were safe. She was a heroine.

On another occasion Regina lost herself. She had gone for whortleberries, and, not thinking much, she went beyond her range, or away from the grounds with which she was acquainted. It was late in the afternoon. At first she did not know she was lost, but wandered on, and on, and on, thinking she was going toward home; and all the while she was going farther away. But when night began to settle down upon the dense forest, oh, how horrible were her feelings! She cried aloud; but no sound save her own echo reached her ears. Poor child! what should she do or where should she go? She pushed on through the thick underwood as fast as she could, and the darkness was increasing every moment. At length, overcome by fright and fatigue, she determined to lie down. It was now so dark in the thick laurel-bushes that she could not see any thing around her. Poor girl! she was in a bad way. She sat down by the root of a large oak-tree, on an elevated moss-covered root; there she sat, thinking of home and her sad condition. The wolves, too, were howling around her. At length she felt sleepy; and, as she had been taught never to go to sleep without saying her prayers, she knelt down by the side of the great oak, and, lifting up her little heart to God, she said all the sweet little prayers she had been taught, and then commended herself into the hands of God and laid down to sleep. She was soon in a sound sleep. There she lay upon the soft moss, and, as she was a good and pious child, we may well imagine that the angels of the Lord encamped round about her and watched over this defenceless little one. The same Almighty Being who had closed the mouths of the lions in the den where Daniel was, and caused an angel to slay in one single night one hundred and eightyfive thousand of the Assyrian host of the impious Sennacherib, could he not commission his angels to watch over this lost child in the forest? But we will let the poor lost child sleep upon her soft mossy bed, with the assurance that He who has numbered the hairs of our head, and without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground, will watch over her. Sleep on, sweet child; God's eye guards thee. Let us now return to the house.

John Hartman and his son George had started to the mill that day with a grist; and, as they had to wait until it was ground, they did not get home until late in the evening. Wasser, too, had gone along, for he always went with the wagon. About sundown Mrs. Hartman became uneasy about Regina. She questioned Barbara and Christian very closely about her, and could learn nothing more than that they had all gone out to the whortleberrybushes together about the middle of the afternoon, and that Regina had her little basket nearly full of whortleberries when they last saw her, up near the large chestnut-tree, from which father had once shot a bear. They saw her picking whortleberries and going toward the run; and, as they had their baskets full, they waited a long time for her at the big chestnut-tree. And when she did not come, Barbara went out far into the woods and called as loud as she could, but got no answer. She then concluded that Regina went round by the grape-vines and had gone home. As soon as the mother heard this, she ran out to the barn, calling Regina, and looking all around for her, thinking that perhaps she might have been very tired and laid down to sleep; but no Regina was to be found. She then ran up to the great chestnut-tree, calling all the while with all her might. She then returned to the house, and sat down and cried for her poor lost child! It was now getting dark, and John Hartman was not at home, and what was to be done she did not know. At one time she thought she would plunge right into the forest, and not give up until she had found her lost child; but then she was not acquainted with the forest, and might lose herself and not find her child. If only John and George were at home! While thus perplexed, and not knowing what to do, the children heard the rattling of the wagon. She could not wait until John got into the house, but ran out and told him that Regina was lost. John was not much alarmed, for he knew he could find her. So he went into the house, and told George to ungear the horses and turn them into the meadow. When he was in the house he told his wife to get him a stocking belonging to Regina—one that had not been washed since she had worn it. She wondered what he wanted with a stocking, but she gave him one.

"Now," says he, "come, George, we will eat a piece, and give Wasser a piece also, and we will soon find our little lost girl, who is, no doubt, asleep somewhere among the pine-trees."

John took his rifle along, and George took some fat pine-knots, so that they could strike up a fire if necessary.

"Now," says he, "come, George and Wasser; and you have the supper ready," (addressing his wife,) "and we will soon come back with Regina."

He took the direct route to the great chestnut-tree. It was now near nine o'clock. When he got into the forest he found it much darker than he had supposed. At first he had some difficulty in getting along; but as his pupils dilated he could see better. It was a clear, starlight night.

When he came to the great chestnut-tree he stopped, and called Wasser to him, and talked to him as he would to a man. Wasser sat down on his haunches, and looked very grave, and seemed to listen to every thing that was said.

"Now, Wasser, Regina is lost, and you must find her." Wasser wagged his tail, which seemed to indicate that he understood his master. John then took Regina's stocking, and put it to Wasser's nose.

"Now," says he, "such 'em out—such 'em out!"

Wasser understood the matter now,—and, putting his nose to the ground, ran all around under the tree, until he fairly got on Regina's track. As soon as he got the scent of the stocking, he gave one loud yell and started off up the hill.

"There," says John Hartman, "Wasser is on the track, and the child is safe! I have never known that dog to give a false alarm."

John Hartman and his son followed. Every now and then Wasser would give a sharp yell, which enabled them to keep on the trail. They passed on mile after mile, until they thought they were about four miles from home. At last they heard the well-known double yell of Wasser, nearly half a mile off.

"There she is," says John; "he has found her! Thank God, the child is found. She must have been much bewildered to go so far from home. We must keep down to the right; there, don't you hear?"

But now let us look at Regina. She fell into a sound sleep, but it did not last long; the howling of the wolves and the thoughts of home disturbed her slumbers. She had just awoke when she heard the first yell of Wasser. She did not know the voice of her faithful companion, but thought sure enough the wolves were now coming upon her. She was dreadfully alarmed; nearer, and still nearer came the sound. Then she heard the brushwood trampled under the feet of the approaching wolf. Deep horror almost froze her very vitals; she screamed, but had not power to flee. The

next moment the faithful dog was there, and jumped with his forefeet upon her, but not, as she supposed, to tear her to pieces. It was only when she found that she was not torn to pieces that her thoughts began to return. And it was not until Wasser began to lick her hand that she knew him, and she then laughed through her tears and patted his shaggy head. Wasser now ran back a short distance and barked. This brought Hartman and George to the spot. When Regina heard their voices she knew that she was found. The father, too, was rejoiced; and George lighted a pine-knot, and they retraced their steps. The dim outline of a mountain-ridge, which Hartman could occasionally see, enabled him to keep the direct course home. It was nearly twelve o'clock when they returned; and I need not inform you that there was great rejoicing in that house that night. It was as if the dead were alive and the lost were found. The mother wept for joy, and kissed Regina over and over again. That night John Hartman read in his family devotions the first part of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the parable of the lost sheep, and made some appropriate remarks, especially on the seventh verse. So, after eating a good supper, they all retired to rest, thinking of the wonderful providence of God that had restored their lost child. Wasser had always been a great favorite in the family, but by his exploit that night he had endeared himself more than ever to the whole family. John Hartman often said he would rather lose the best horse on the farm than to lose Wasser. And no wonder; who would not love such a noble dog?

Nothing remarkable occurred in the family for some time. The children were obedient to their parents and improved from day to day, and the parents thanked God for giving them such excellent children. Such was the happiness of the Hartman family, and so much were they pleased with their new home in America, that Germany was fast fading from their minds. They were indeed a happy family. How delightful it is to see a happy family in this jarring and discordant world!

Things prospered wonderfully in the hands of Hartman and his industrious family. The house was much improved and furnished with many comforts; the barn, too, was enlarged; and the well-cultivated fields groaned under the heavy weight of the golden harvests. John Hartman looked with pleasure at his fat, sleek horses, and his well-fed cows, and his plentiful crops, and wished in his heart that many of his poor neighbors in Germany, who he knew were often destitute of bread, could also be his neighbors in America. If all the German and Irish emigrants were as sober and industrious as John Hartman, there would not be so many paupers among them. But, alas! many who come to this country become indolent and intemperate, and of course remain poor and miserable all their lives; and their coming here does not improve their condition.

But we must pass on. When all things were prosperous in the Hartman family, and a long and happy future seemed to be before them, God in his wisdom and wonderful providence permitted a terrible ca-

lamity to fall upon them,—such a dreadful calamity as few families are ever called upon to suffer. But, as the ways of God are past finding out, and as he is too wise to err and too good to afflict his people unnecessarily, we must conclude that all he does or permits is for the best.

Piety, however fervent and genuine, will not exempt us from the afflictions of life. All our afflictions are said to be mercies in disguise. Well may we exclaim, in the beautiful language of Cowper,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm!

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will."

CHAPTER IV.

THE DREADFUL CALAMITY THAT FELL UPON THE HARTMAN FAMILY.

Hartman was not afraid of the wild men, (die wilden,) as he used to call the Indians. And, as those whom he had seen at his own house and at the trading-posts were friendly and civil, and as he had never heard any thing bad about them, he had no reason to fear them. In those days there were no books nor newspapers in the country to inform the people of one colony what took place in another; so that Hartman did not know the danger he was in on a frontier settlement. Poor man! he little understood the nature of those cruel and bloodthirsty savages. But he found them out at last.

In order fully to understand the state of things in our country in 1744, (the year in which the terrible calamity which we are about to narrate fell upon the Hartman family,) it will be necessary to refer to the colonial history of that period. The American Indians, who were the aborigines or first settlers of this country, were very numerous when Columbus, in 1492, first came to this western continent. They were found from the sunny south of Central America to the frozen regions of Labrador, and all pretty much alike. But it is the opinion of many learned men now, that the races found in this country when Columbus came were not the earliest settlers of the soil, but that there were other and far more intelligent races here before them,-races who were much further advanced in the arts and sciences than the present races. This is inferred from the many monuments found in Central America, Mexico, and in the United States. If you want to know any thing further on this interesting subject, you must get books on the antiquity of America. We intend to confine our remarks to the Indians who were here in 1744, and try to account for their extreme wickedness and the reasons why they took

such delight in the shedding of the blood of their fellow-creatures. The American Indians were not half so had before their intercourse with the Spaniards at the South and the French at the North. At an early day the Indians in Canada were brought under the influence of the French Jesuits. Both the French and Spanish missionaries taught the Indians to hate the English because they were Protestants. The French Roman Catholic missionaries had been laboring a long time among the Northern Indians; but their system of instruction amounted to nothing. They made them ten times worse than they found them. Instead of teaching them to read God's holy word, they taught them to count their beads; and, instead of teaching them to pray to their heavenly Father through Jesus Christ, they taught them to pray to the Virgin Mary; and, instead of directing them to the blood of Christ, that "cleanses from all sin," they taught them to rely upon the foolish and unmeaning mummeries of the priests for salvation. They baptized them and called them Christians; and yet they

knew nothing of the spirit of Christianity. Since that time many Protestant missionaries have labored among them, and many have been truly converted to God, and are bright and glorious examples of the power of God's grace. Catharine Brown, who died such a triumphantly happy death, and whose piety has been celebrated throughout the world, was an Indian girl; and if you ever visit Bethlehem, a Moravian town in Northampton county, Pennsylvania, you will see in the plain and beautiful graveyard in that town the tombs of many converted Indians. But the poor Indians of Canada would have been better off if the Roman Catholic missionaries had never come among them.

The French people were the first Europeans who settled in Canada. Nearly three hundred years ago, a Frenchman by the name of James Cartier, with a French army, sailed up the St. Lawrence River and built a fort where the city of Quebec now stands. From this point the first French missionaries went forth to convert the Indians to Christianity. But a sad work they made of

it, as we have already seen. Henry the Fourth, King of France, appointed the Marquis de la Roche the first Governor-General of Canada. The French held the undisputed possession of the country for more than one hundred years, and in all that time accomplished nothing. James Cartier located his fort in 1535; but no permanent settlement was made until 1607, when M. de Champlain founded the present city of Quebec. But such were the immoral tendencies of the Roman Catholic religion that no regular government could be introduced until about 1655 or 1660. In 1756, war was declared between France and England. The English, who then owned the territory which now composes the most of the States of our Union, had already, as early as 1740, set their hearts on Canada. The English said of right it belonged to them, the French disputed their claim; so there was no other way but to fight it out. A great many battles were fought, the Indians always fighting with the French against the English. Still, in the end, the French and the Indians had the worst of the battle; for all

Canada fell into the hands of the English. While the war lasted, the French officers did all in their power to instigate the poor ignorant Indians to perpetrate deeds of cruelty and blood. They were offered so much for every white man or woman whom they would murder. The scalp was the evidence that they had killed a white man. Hence they always scalped all they had murdered; and so anxious were they to get the scalp that sometimes the person scalped was not murdered; and there are cases on record where persons were shot, tomahawked, and scalped, and yet recovered. The scalping was done in the following way:—the person was either shot, tomahawked, or knocked down with a club; as soon as the poor victim was prostrated, the cruel savage rolled him over on his back, then sprang upon him with his knees on his breast, took hold of the hair in the front part of the head with his left hand and pulled with all his might, then gave a tremendous yell, and applied his scalping-knife and cut off a piece of skin about as large as a child's hand, thus laying the skull bare. It was a horrible opera.

tion, the very recital of which causes the blood to curdle in our veins; yet some Indians boasted of the hundreds of scalps they had taken. It is said of an Englishman, that his wig once saved his tife. He was pursued by an Indian, who felled him to the earth with a club and jumped upon him, and, when he grasped his hair, the whole skin came off. The Indian was so amused at this strange occurrence that he burst into a fit of laughter, and, looking at the wig, he said, "It is a lie;" and, entering into a parley with the Englishman, let him off for the price of a scalp, which was about fifteen shillings. It must be said, to the honor of the French officers, that they never paid the Indians for the scalps of children and women. Hence, not a great many women or children were scalped, unless the Indians were drunk or had some great wrongs to avenge.

The savages would go out in parties of from ten to fifty in a company, and, being mostly inflamed with French brandy and arged on with the hope of getting French money, which would enable them to procure more brandy, they would stealthily visit the sparsely-settled neighborhoods, and murder and scalp all who would come in their way. They generally came over the river below the Niagara Falls, and, as the western part of New York was then an uninhabited wilderness, they passed through into Pennsylvania on their bloody excursions. Sometimes, however, the English were prepared for them, and gave them a warm reception; and many a bloodthirsty Indian fell under the steady aim of the hardy pioneer. The French and Indian war continued with unabated fury for thirteen years, from 1745 to 1758, when, after a bloody battle, General Wolfe's army compelled the French to surrender Quebec, though that brave general himself fell, mortally wounded, and peace was made soon after. But, during the period from 1744 to 1759, which may with great propriety be called the "Bloody Age of American History," what terrible scenes were enacted! It would require volumes to record half the scenes of blood that

came to light; and thousands of the most cruel murders committed have, no doubt, never been known. The whole history of the world can hardly present such another picture of bloodshed and rapine. We here subjoin an account of two men that were scalped, one of whom recovered. This occurred at the siege of Fort Stanwix, in 1777.

"Captain Gregg left the garrison one day, in company with a corporal, for the purpose of shooting wild pigeons. When the day was far advanced, Gregg, knowing that the savages were continually prowling around the fort, made up his mind to return. At that moment a flock of pigeons alighted upon a tree close by. The corporal proposed to try a shot at them, and, having approached near enough, was in the act of raising his gun, when the report of two muskets was heard close by. Captain Gregg that instant saw his companion, the corporal, fall, and felt himself badly wounded in the side. He tried to keep his feet, but could not; he fell to the earth, and the next moment saw a huge half-naked savage making

rapid strides toward him with his tomahawk in his hand. He was horrified, for he was powerless. The Indian ran up to him with the uplifted tomahawk and struck him several blows on the head, then drew his scalping-knife, cut a circle through the skin from the forehead to the crown of his head, and drew off the scalp with his teeth. At the approach of the savage, Gregg had counterfeited the appearance of being dead with as much address as he could use, and succeeded in persuading his butcher that he was actually dead, otherwise he would certainly have been killed. The pain produced by these wounds was intense and dreadful. The savages, having finished their bloody work, withdrew. As soon as they were out of sight, Captain Gregg determined to make his way to his fallen companion; but he found himself very weak, and it was only after three or four attempts that he was able to rise. When he came to his companion he found him dead and scalped. Captain Gregg was found by his companions-in-arms, and carried back to the fort, where, under proper medical treatment, he recovered, and lived many years afterward without a scalp."

The Rev. Dr. H. Melchior Mühlenberg, in the "Hallean Annals," page 1006, gives us the following thrilling account of an Indian scalping which occurred about the time of the Hartman massacre. He says:—

"Among my catechumens at New Holland were the two grown daughters of a man, who, after the confirmation of his children, purchased a piece of land near the Blue Mountains. This land, by much labor, he improved, and removed his family to it. But, as the Indian war was then raging most fearfully, the wild and ferocious savages frequently fell upon the isolated settlers, set fire to their houses and barns, and those whom they did not massacre they carried into captivity. This man, being afraid of the Indians, brought his family back to New Holland, but left his cattle and grain at the new farm, and occasionally went up to see after them. In the fall of the year this man went up to the

new farm, with the two daughters abovereferred to, for the purpose of threshing
the grain and bringing it down to New
Holland. They went up, did the threshing, and were nearly ready to return with a
load of grain. The wagon was loaded in
the evening, and on Saturday morning
they intended to start for home. On Friday evening the two girls seemed to be
very melancholy. They told their father
that they felt as though they had not long
to live, and proposed singing the German
hymn, commencing,—

"" Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein ende?"

In English,-

"'Who knows how near my life's expended?

Time flies, and death is hasting on;

How soon, my term of trial ended,

May heave my last expiring groan!

For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,

With me, O God, may all be well!

"'My many sins!—oh, vail them over
With merits of thy dying Son!
I here thy richest grace discover,—
Here find I peace, and here alone:
And, for his sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

"' His bleeding wounds give me assurance
That thy free mercy will abide;
Here strength I find for death's endurance,
And hope for all I need beside:
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!"

"This beautiful hymn they sang from beginning to end; and after they had said their prayers they retired to rest. Saturday morning they rose early and said their prayers. That morning the sun arose clear and bright. It was a calm and lovely morning; not a breath of air was stirring. The father told the girls that they should milk the cows, while he would go out into the field to eatch the horses and hitch them up. When he had gone into a large field, he stood close by a large tree, and was looking around for the horses. All at once he saw two Indians rushing upon him with loaded rifles and other deadly weapons. The poor man was so much terrified that he became entirely powerless. He could neither move hand or foot, nor could he utter a word. He was stupefied with fear; all his senses seemed to be dead but his vision. He saw the

savages rapidly approaching; they were now within about twenty paces of him. He then cried out, - 'O Lord Jesus, to thee I lice! O Lord Jesus, to thee I die!" but, as soon as he had, with a loud voice, uttered the words, 'Lord Jesus,' the Indians stopped suddenly, like a bear that is shot;—they stopped short and commenced a terrible howling. Scarcely had the poor man uttered the name of Jesus when he felt a supernatural strength; he felt as though he had wings, turned round and ran like a deer, not toward his house, but toward the forest. The Indians were close behind him, and quickened their steps, being sure they would overtake him before he would get out of the field. But our friend had such strength that he jumped like a deer over the fence; and when in the forest he ran in a zigzag or serpentine course, and the Indians soon lost sight of him. was a narrow escape. The Indians then returned to his house,—where there were a number of other Indians,—and there perpetrated their deeds of cruelty. Our friend then bent his steps to a neighboring house, where two German families resided, with the hope of procuring help from them to defend his children and property. But, alas! when he came near the house he heard a terrible noise and crying of old and young, and soon perceived that a party of Indians were then engaged in murdering the families. Fortunately the Indians did not see him. He now thought of his own children, and started for his own house. But, alas! when he came near his own residence he saw the flames of his house and barn rising over the tree-tops, and heard the terrible bellowing of his cattle that were burning up alive. He then ran several miles back to a German settlement and gave the alarm. The men soon equipped themselves and came with him to his house. When they reached his house the Indians were gone and every thing was in ashes. His eldest daughter was consumed, all but a few fragments of her body; but the second daughter, to the astonishment of all, was yet alive, but got and gashed from head to foot with the tomahawk, and also scalped. The

poor girl could yet inform them of every thing that had occurred, and how many Indians there were. She then requested her father to stoop down and give her a farewell kiss, then she would go to her dear Savior. When this was done she departed in peace.

"The poor man came to me, and, with deep emotion and many tears, related the whole terrible scene.

"He also spoke in wonder of the power there was in the name of Jesus, and how he had now experienced the sweetness of that dear name, and that he would never forget it.

"I showed him how Jesus would deliver him out of more terrible dangers, even from sin, death, Satan, and hell, and would make him eternally happy in heaven."

This terrible scene will prepare us for another which is soon to follow. What dangers must have surrounded those early settlers! and how thankful we should be to our heavenly Father for the peace and safety we now enjoy. God be praised for

it! Colonel George Washington was first brought into notice during the period of those Indian massacres. The terrible scenes of carnage and blood in Virginia, as well as in Pennsylvania, awakened the sympathies of all good men in the colonies; and no man was more affected by the daily massacres that occurred than Washington, even when he was quite a young man. He was born on the 22d of February, 1732; in 1752, he was twenty years old. Let it be borne in mind that at that time the French-who were the allies of the Indians and their instigators and abettors in all their cruelties—were then in possession of Canada and all the country now composing Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Kentucky. And all this vast territory was full of Indians. Thus the English colonies were completely surrounded by the French and Indians. All, therefore, who lived on the borders of the States were in danger of the Indians. Nor were the armies of the King of England able to protect such an immense frontier; for while the English army was repelling the Indians at one point the savages would break in upon another, and, before help could arrive, tomahawk and scalp all who would come in their way. Hence it was absolutely necessary that private military companies should be formed in every settlement where men enough could be raised. Forts, too, had to be erected at different points, into which, in time of danger, the poor defenceless settlers could run for protection. George Washington was placed at the head of a company of this kind, called the Virginia Rangers, and he did great service to his poor exposed countrymen. It was in this noble service that young Washington learned to fight the battles of his countrythose glorious battles which liberated our fathers from the oppression of a foreign king. In these excursions Colonel Washington frequently witnessed scenes of blood and cruelty such as are enough to curdle one's blood and cause the hair to stand erect on 'ne's heal. We will give one of

those dreadful scenes, from "Weems's Life of Washington." Washington says:—

"One day, as we drew near a dwelling, we heard the report of a gun. Quickening our pace, we saw very soon what were a party of Indians, loaded with plunder, coming out of a house, which, by the smoke issuing from the windows, appeared as if just set on fire. On rushing into the house and putting out the fire, we saw a mournful sight indeed! There was a young-looking woman lying on the bed, floating in her own warm blood! Her head was cleft with a tomahawk; and on her bosom lay two lovely infants, apparently twins, bathing that bosom with the crimson current of life yet flowing from their deeply-gashed heads! I had often beheld the mangled remains of my countrymen, but never before felt as I did on this occasion. This sight filled my mind with horror! On tracing the footsteps of the savages back to the corn-field, we found a small boy, and, a little farther on, the father, both weltering in their own blood, tomahawked and scalped. It appeared, from the prints of his little feet in the furrows, that the child had been following his father, who was plowing; and, seeing his father fall, he attempted to run back to his mother, but was overtaken by the cruel savages and tomahawked. These things so affected me that I solemnly declare before God, if I know my own heart, that I would offer myself a sacrifice to these butchering savages, if I could thereby secure the safety of these my distressed countrymen."

This was a noble sentiment, worthy of the great "Father of his Country."

Scenes like these were of common and almost daily occurrence. One day the Indians came to a school-house, where there were, I think, seventeen little children, who, together with the teacher, were all tomahawked and scalped. This schoolhouse was in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, about four miles from the town of Greencastle. A few years ago, the citizens raised a monument on the spot where these dear little murdered ones sleep. This was noble conduct!

Thus you see those cruel savages spared

neither women nor children. In war, toe, these savages were terrible in their ferocity and cruelty.

When Lord Suffolk, in the House of Lords in England, in 1777, tried to defend the proposition to employ the American Indians in the war with the colonies, William Pitt, or Lord Chatham,—who was one of the finest orators the world had ever seen, -opposed it in the following language-language that honors the head and the heart of that great statesman. This, too, gives us a true picture of Indian cruelties. Lord Suffolk had said, in debate, that, "besides its policy and necessity, the measure was also allowable on principle, and that it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands." To this Pitt replied,—

"I am astonished—yea, shocked—to hear such principles confessed,—to hear them avowed in this house or in this country:— principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

"My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but

I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men,—as Christian men,—to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. 'That God and nature has put in our hands!' I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian's scalpingknife! to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating, literally, my lords, the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honor; they shock me, as a lover of honorable war and a detester of murderous barbarity.

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench,—those holy ministers of the gospel and pious pastors of our church; -I conjure them to join me in this holy work and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted 'Armada' of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion,—the Protestant religion,—of this country against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if

these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements-among our ancient connections, friends, and relations—the merciless cannibal thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! To send forth the infidel savage - against whom? Against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war! - hell-hounds, I say, of savage war! Spain armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example of Spanish cruelty;—we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity!

"My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, constitution, and our religion, demands the most effectual and solemn inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to

examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again call upon those prelates of our holy religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this house and this nation from this sin!

"My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."

But the mighty orator, with his burning eloquence, could not prevail. The law was passed; and the murderous tomahawk and the bloody scalping-knife of the American savages were employed against their brethren. But—thank God!—our noble revolutionary sires overcame the soldiers of the king as well as his savage allies.

These cruel savages have, since the Revolution, been severely punished for the innocent blood they shed. The blood of the

poor innocent men, women, and children which they so wantonly shed cried to God for vengeance; and his wrath has been poured out upon them, and the end is not yet come. They have been driven from the land of their fathers' graves; for, like the ancient Canaanites, they were not fit to live in it. Thus it is with wicked nations and wicked individuals: God punishes them for their sins; and if they do not reform he must destroy them, as he did the Jews and many other ancient nations.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Ages may intervene between the perpetration of a crime and its punishment, but it will come at last. The Jews, who clamored for the death of Christ, said, "His blood be upon us and our children!" This impious prayer was recorded on high, and at length it was answered in the destruction of Jerusalem and the terrible calamities that befell the whole Jewish nation.

But it is time we should return to the Hartman family and see what is going on there. They are still prosperous and every thing going on well. Oh that it was always so!

John Hartman and his interesting family were growing in grace day by day. John himself, during the summer, had become more serious and heavenly-minded; and, although he was as well as usual, he had a presentiment that he would be called away from his family. He was now only fortyfive years old, and bid fair to live many years, as his wife often told him when he expressed his fears that he was not long for this world. During the summer he had been very successful on his farm; he had abundant crops. The autumn had come; the forests were clothed in purple and gold, and the withered leaves were beginning to strew the earth. Nature was in her decay; the withered leaf and the decayed grass reminded Hartman of his own state,—a poor perishing creature. He often thought of that dreadful passage in Isa. lxiv. 6:- "We all do fade as a leaf;" which reads in German, "We are all withered like leaves;" and Psalm cii. 12, in German, "My days



HARTMAN'S RETURN FROM HIS DAY'S LABOR. (98.)



are gone like a shadow, and I am withered like grass."

There was something peculiarly solemn to his mind in the autumn of the year. He would spend hours in deep meditation when gazing upon the variegated forest. The work was rather pressing upon him at this time; October had come, and he was not yet done plowing for his fall-seeding. Some of his fields were seeded and others were nearly ready. The children, too, were now busy gathering chestnuts, and hickorynuts, and walnuts; and Hartman had promised the children that as soon as the seeding was over George might take them down to a large swamp, where there were a great many fine large shellbarks.

One day, when Hartman was out in the field, one of his nearest neighbors—who had been over the Blue Mountains on some business—stopped a while to talk with him, and, among other things, informed him that the Indians had been about, and had committed a number of horrible murders all around them, and that he had seen old Conrad Weiser at Heidelberg; and he

advised him and all the people that lived over the mountains either to move out of the settlement or to erect a temporary fort.

But poor Hartman did not believe that the Indians would harm any person who had never done them any harm. He used to say, when he heard of Indians, that "it was only the drunken Irish killing one another." So he paid no attention to the advice of his neighbor.

Thus things passed on until the storm came. On the morning of the day on which the dreadful calamity occurred, John Hartman had been more than usually fervent and solemn in his family devotions. He committed himself and his dear family into the hands of God. "Keep us this day from harm and danger; nevertheless, not our will, but thine, be done." At the breakfast-table his wife said,—

"Well, John, you know the flour is all out, and some one must go to the mill; and, as you are at the last field, suppose you let Christian go, and I will go with him; for I have long since promised to go over and

see Mrs. Swartz, who you know has been sick."

"Well," Hartman replied, "if you think he can ride the old horse on a bag, I have no objections; then George and I can finish the seeding to-day. But you must see that the miller divides the flour right and puts it on the horse even."

Little Christian was of course delighted with the idea of riding the old horse to the mill. The arrangements between Christian and his mother were that she was to ride the horse to the mill, (for the wheat was already at the mill,) and the little boy was to ride behind her; coming home, the mother, who was a very stout and active woman, was to walk, and Christian was to ride on the meal-bag, and the mother was to lead the horse over the rough places. So, after the work was done and the mother had given her directions to the girls, Barbara and Regina, about cooking the dinner, and promising to be back before supper, they started off.

Mrs. Hartman did not spend much time at her toilet. The women in the country in those days were very plain clothes. A clean woolen petticoat, with a red ground and a white stripe, and a short-gown of linsey-woolsey cross-barred with red and green, and a neat plain cap without frill or lace, and a red linen handkerchief over her bosom; for in those days the country-people had no calico or gingham.

In going to the mill she had to pass the field where her husband was at work. She waited until he came up to the fence, and they had some conversation. Little did those unfortunate parents think that this would be the last conversation they would ever hold in this world. God, for wise purposes, has hidden the future from our eyes. How true it is that we know not what a day may bring forth!

"Live! live to-day; to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

What a blessing it is that we are not permitted to lift the dark vail of the future to see our own destiny! how wretched and miserable it would make us! If, like John Hartman, we have made our peace, calling, and election sure, and have our lamps

trimmed, we need not fear the coming of the Son of man.

The girls were busy in the house; and at noon, when the dinner was nearly ready, Barbara took down the great tin horn and blew it. The men heard the horn and immediately obeyed its welcome summons. When George and his father had watered and fed the horses, they went into the house and sat down to dinner. While they were at dinner, the dog, Wasser, came running into the house at a furious rate, and seemed to be terribly frightened. He was a brave, noble dog, and very fierce, and seemed to be afraid of nothing. As soon as Hartman saw the terror of the dog, he knew that something unusual had occurred; and, with the ready instinct of an old hunter, he sprang for his trusty rifle, which was always loaded, and hung on two crooked pins over the bed. He looked at the priming-pan and found all was right. He then spoke to the dog, which at once obeyed him; but when he got to the door he stood still, bristling up and growling in a fierce and terrible manner. Har: man could not yet see what it was; but he

gave the word of command, which the faithful dog well understood, and the next moment he sprang upon a huge Indian and brought him to the ground. Hartman then came to the door, and just as he was stepping over the threshold he received two rifle balls, one through the head, the other through the heart, and immediately fell a dead man. The Indians then got at the dog with their tomahawks, and, though he fought like a tiger, and bit and wounded a number of the Indians, yet he was killed at last. Noble dog! he deserved a better fate. Instantly George sprang to his father and tried to raise him up; for the poor boy could not yet fully realize what had taken place. As he was standing over his father the Indians closed around him, and one of them sank his murderous tomahawk into his head. The brave boy fell upon the dying body of his father, and both father and son were soon in the arms of death. Fifteen large Indians, all painted and feathered for scenes of carnage and blood, then rushed into the house, yelling most hideously, like so many fiends from the infernal regions.

One can scarcely imagine what the feelings of the poor girls were during this awfully terrific scene. Barbara ran up into the loft and hid herself, but a cruel savage followed her and brought her back. Regina was horrified, and cried out in German, at the top of her voice, "Herr Jesus! Herr Jesus!" When the Indians heard that sound, they seemed terror-stricken for a moment. One of them, however, could speak a little French; but Regina could not understand a word he said. But by his gestures she understood he wanted His name was, as she afterward liquor. learned, Hammāōslu, which means a "tiger's claw." This huge and hideous halfnaked savage seemed to be the chief of the brutal gang. He caught hold of Regina with his left hand and shook her most violently, while he held a scalping-knife in his right hand, which he drew over her lips, which she understood was, that she should be quiet. But she thought her last moment had come. The Indians then went to the table—all but one who stood at the door as sentinel. When they had eaten up all the

bread and meat and potatoes, they motioned to the girls for more; and when Barbara went out toward the spring-house for bread and pies, two of the Indians followed her. They are a prodigious quantity. When they had filled themselves, they immediately commenced plundering the house; chests were broken open, drawers were emptied, every thing was ransacked. They took linens and woolens, blankets and sheets and coverlets, and tied them up in bundles. They made some six or seven bundles. They then took Barbara and Regina out. It was then that the Hartman girls saw for the first time a dear sweet little girl, about three years old, tied fast to the fence. They were taken in the same direction, and were permitted to go to her. When the poor little child saw them, she wept, and said, in German, "Oh, mama, mama! wo ist mei mütter?"-"Oh, mamma, mamma! where is my mother?" The girls then saw that she too was a little German captive. She could only tell her first or Christian name, which was Susan, or, as she said, Susé. But more of this little captive hereafter. The Indians

had not yet completed their work of ruin; the house and barn must be laid in ashes. The way they set fire to the house was this: there was a large quantity of flax up-stairs; this they threw down, and built a fire by placing chairs and benches and drawers upon it. This was near the partition. They then took a firebrand from the hearth. Soon the whole house was in flames. When the fire was fairly under way, one of them took a brand and set fire to the barn; and soon all the result of John Hartman's labors, together with his own body and that of his son George, were in ashes. While the flames were raging, the Indian who had been injured by the dog took the dead animal by the hind-legs and tossed him into the fire, whereupon they all set up a kind of a war-dance, singing, shouting, and yelling, at a most fearful rate, the poor girls all the while expecting that they would fall next beneath the murderous tomahawk. They were spared from immediate death, but met a fate very little better. At the conclusion of this horrible chapter, perhaps some of the readers will ask, Why did God

permit such a terrible calamity to fall upon such an excellent family? We can only answer this question by stating that God's ways are past finding out; his ways are not as our ways, nor are his thoughts like ours. We might, with the same propriety, ask, Why did he permit his ancient prophets to be slain by the wicked? why did he permit the wicked Jews to stone Stephen to death? or why has he permitted the wicked in every age to persecute his people? For the same reason that he permits the sun to rise upon the evil and the good, he also permits calamities to fall upon the good as well as the evil.

CHAPTER V.

THE WIDOW AND HER ONLY SON—ALL THAT IS LEFT OF A ONCE HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS FAMILY.

WE last saw Mrs. Hartman on the old horse, with little Christian behind her, on their way to the mill, talking with John Hartman at the fence. Ah, little did this unfortunate family think this would be the last time they would ever meet in this life! Little did Mrs. Hartman think that when she left her dear husband she should never see him again in this world! When she turned round the corner of the field, and saw the smoke gracefully ascending from the chimney of her happy home, little did she expect to find it a heap of ashes on her return! But so it was; such was the cup of sorrow this good and holy woman was called upon to drink.

Mrs. Hartman went on to the mill, and, according to arrangements, she spent the day with the miller's wife, who had been very sick, but was now improving. The miller and his wife had also come from Germany; and although they, too, were members of the Lutheran church, yet they had very little experimental knowledge of religion. The severe attack of illness had a very happy effect upon the miller's wife, and she was, therefore, delighted with Mrs. Hartman's visit, for she knew her to be a serious, God-fearing woman; and although she once thought her rather too severe in her religion, yet she now rejoiced in the opportunity of conversing with her on heavenly things. They, therefore, had quite a pleasant meeting; and Mrs. Hartman was as much edified in imparting instruction as the other woman was in receiving it. Thus "he that watereth shall himself be watered." Mrs. Hartman loved, on proper occasions, to talk about her Savior Jesus Christ, or, as she used to call him, "mein lieber Heiland," or, "my dear Savior." She loved to magnify his grace.

She used to sing with deep emotion, with her strong, clear voice, that beautiful German hymn, beginning—

"O! dass ich tausend zungen hätte;"

which reads thus in English:-

"Oh, that I had a thousand voices!

A mouth to speak with thousand tongues!

Then with a heart his praise rejoices,

Would I proclaim in grateful songs,

To all, wherever I might be,

What the good Lord has done for me.

"What equal praises can I offer,
Dear Jesus, for thy mercy shown?
What pangs, my Savior, didst thou suffer,
And thus for all my sins atone!
Thy death alone my soul could free
From Satan, to be blest with thee."

This was one of her favorite hymns, and she could sing it "with the spirit and the understanding," too.

While they were seated at the dinnertable, she, for the first time, felt a strange and unascountable sensation. Home rushed most vividly into her mind, and she felt very uneasy, and said she was afraid something had happened, and that she would immediately go home; but the miller and his wife talked her out of it. She remained, therefore, until toward evening, but did not seem to be as cheerful and happy as she had been in the morning.

At length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, she had the grist put on the horse, and little Christian, with the help of the miller, who took him by the leg, mounted the bag. Mrs. Hartman walked before. Little Christian knew how to ride, and how to guide the horse; but riding on a meal-bag was a strange business to him, and every now and then he would call for his mother to pull the bag over to one side or the other. At length they were approaching the end of the forest on the borders of their farm. Now, the house and barn were so situated that as soon as you would get out of the forest they would be the first objects that would strike the sight. When Mrs. Hartman, therefore, came toward the opening, she saw smoke ascending in large, heavy, dark columns. She was at a loss to know what it meant. She hastened her steps, and, when she came to the edge of

the forest, looked for the house. For a moment she was bewildered, and scarcely thought any thing. At length she swept her eyes over the whole clearing from forest to forest, but no house met her view. She then thought that perhaps she had taken the wrong road and got into another clearing. But no; this could not be;—there were the well-known trees; there was the great and beautiful pine-tree that stood close to the house, through whose lofty branches she had so often heard the gentle winds sighing; there were the well-known fields; there was their lane, and there was the She was still perplexed, when orchard. little Christian called out,-

"Why, mother, where is our house?"

Just then the truth began to flash upon her mind. The house and barn had caught fire and burned down. She immediately commenced running, and never stopped till she was in the yard. But where was John, and George, and Barbara, and Regina? they were not there; what had become of them? Perfectly overcome, she sat down on a log near the gate to try and collect her

thoughts. What a dreadful situation for a woman, a wife, a mother, to be in!—the awful ruins around her, and the dreadful, the agonizing suspense! She called for her husband, her children, but she heard nothing save the echo of her own tremulous voice. She then looked toward the house, and there she saw blood, (it was the blood of Wasser;) then the Indian massacres, of which she had often heard, rushed into her mind, and she concluded that her whole family was murdered. What was to be done now? She raised her heart to God in prayer. God heard her and gave her strength. When Christian came up she took the bag from the horse and set it down by the great pine-tree, but could not answer the many questions that little Christian asked her. What to do she did not know. At length she made up her mind that she would take the horse and ride over to their nearest neighbor's, which was about three miles over a considerable hill. But what was to be done with little Christian? She concluded to take him on behind. She started and rode as rapidly as she could

through the woods. When she reached the house she was so excited and overwhelmed that for some time she could not tell them what was wrong. It was now nearly dark. But the man of the house and his son (nearly a man grown) said they would go over and see how things looked. Early in the morning the few neighbors in the settlement were all apprised of the terrible calamity, and all gathered around the smoking ruins of John Hartman's once pleasant home. The neighbors were very kind to the poor widow. The rubbish was removed from the smoking ruins, and only two skeletons were found. This, together with the fact that fifteen Indians with three girls were seen that evening by a man who was coming up the mountain, led them to the conclusion that Hartman and his son George had been massacred by the Indians, and that Barbara and Regina were carried into captivity. This captivity was more terrible than even death itself.

Mrs. Hartman was deeply distressed for her husband and her children; but, as she knew that "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," she put her trust in God, and used to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I put my trust in him." Though she was a very pious woman before, these severe afflictions brought her nearer to God her Savior.

The neighbors at once agreed that they would build her another house, and actually met a few days after and put her up a right comfortable little dwelling. The kind neighbors also gave her bedclothes and furniture, and did every thing they could to make her comfortable. Some men met one day and cut her winter's wood; and thus God supplied her wants. But still she was not happy. The fate of her dead husband and son she could have borne; but the terrible condition of Barbara and her beloved Regina,—this was more than human nature could endure. In worldly matters she fared well enough, but her wounded heart would not be comforted. If she could only hear something of her poor lost daughters,—yea, if she could only hear that they were dead,it would be a great relief to her mind; she could then calmly submit to the will of God. But she could hear nothing of her children. Many were the inquiries she made. Often she crossed the Blue Mountains to see the Rev. Nicholas Kurtz and Conrad Weiser, to learn something of her children; but all in vain. But from time to time, as she heard of children that were taken by the English soldiers from the Indians, she would always go and see if her lost children were among them.

She had loved all her children with a warmth of affection which only a loving mother's heart can know; but somehow or other Regina had so wound herself around the heart of her mother that she could never give her up. She thought of her all the day long; and at night, when she lay upon her bed, she would dream of her lost Regina. Once she dreamed that Regina had returned safe and sound. She ran to embrace her, and uttered such a terrible scream of rejoicing that it awoke her, and to her great sorrow she found it was only a dream! Sometimes, too, in her imagination, she would hear the clear and joyful voice of

Regina, as it used to ring out around the beloved home.

Nine long and tedious years rolled tardily along, and yet no tidings of her lost Regina. Time could not heal the wounds afflictions like these had made upon her heart. But as every thing in this world has an end, so, too, the long dream of agony had its termination, and hope and happiness once more dawned upon the withered heart of the lone widow in her forest home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTIVITY.

IN WHICH WE HAVE AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT BEFELL THE POOR GIRLS BARBARA AND REGINA, AND THE HARD-SHIPS THE CAPTIVES ENDURED AMONG THE INDIANS.

WE last saw Barbara and Regina standing near the fence talking with little Susan, while their fathers' house and barn were burning and the Indians were dancing in hellish glee around. When the fire had fairly laid hold of part of the house and barn, and the flames were rising higher and higher, they gathered up their plunder and drove their captives before them, one of them taking the lead. The leader's name was Pottowasnos, which means, in the Indian language, "the Boat-pusher." This was a great brawny fellow; he took long steps, and walked so fast that the children, as

well as some of the Indians who had short legs, had often to run in order to keep up with him. Each one, except the chief, carried a bundle of plunder. Barbara and Regina had also to carry a load. They had nothing on their heads or feet. The little girl Susan, too, was bareheaded and barefooted. After they had traveled about an hour and a half, the little girl could run no more, having cried herself almost out of breath, and her little feet being wounded with the sharp stones over which they had to pass. At length she fell down; the Indian that was next to her behind came up to her and gave her a kick or two and raised her to her feet, but she soon fell to the ground again. When she fell the second time one of the Indians gave a terrible yell, and they all stopped. This was the first halt that had been made. As soon as they halted they all came and stood around the poor child. One of the Indians then took her by the arms and placed her on her feet, but she fell again. He then raised her up again, and drew his tomahawk from his belt behind, and was just about to bury it in her head, when the chief cried out in a terrible voice, no doubt commanding him to desist. Other arrangements were then made. Barbara had to take Regina's load in addition to her own; and Regina, though but a child herself, had to carry Susan. These arrangements having been made, they started off again. And it was well for poor Regina that it was near night, for if she would have had to carry the child very far she would certainly have sunk under her burden. But when it became dark, Regina put the little girl down on the ground, and took her by the hand and helped her along; in this way they got along very well. They traveled on till near midnight; and, at last, they came to a halt on the banks of a little stream.

They built a fire and cooked their supper, which consisted of new corn, which they had brought along. They had the corn in a bag; it was a kind of hominy, or dried corn. This, together with some of the bread they had brought from Hartman's, constituted their supper. They ate several kettles-full; and when they were

done eating they motioned to the girls to go to the kettle and eat. The children also picked up some pieces of bread. They were very hungry, especially little Susan, who had not eaten any thing since morning but a few apples she had picked up while passing through Hartman's orchard.

When the Indians were done eating they sat around the fire and had a long talk and smoked their pipes, no doubt recounting the horrid achievements of the day. They also had some liquor in flasks, which they called "lum,"-meaning, no doubt, rum,of which they partook very freely, and then slunk away to places of repose. The girls were also motioned to lie down. The Hartman girls lay down, with little Susan, under a thick laurel-bush; and, as one bundle they had consisted of several blankets and a coverlet, they opened them out and covered themselves with them. Thus they had a pleasant sleep. But this good fortune did not always follow them. Barbara and little Susan soon fell asleep, but Regina could not close an eye. She thought of her murdered father and brother, and of her dear absent mother. She cried enough to break her poor heart, and at last fell asleep, but only to be disturbed by the awful visions of the horrid and bloody scene she had witnessed during that eventful day.

In the morning the Indians rose pretty early, and some of them took their guns and went out to shoot game. They soon returned with a large wild turkey and a number of squirrels. These were cooked for breakfast; soon after which they started again. They kept in the forest nearly all day; and hard indeed was the fate of the poor girls. Their feet became very sore, so that they could scarcely walk, yet they had to go or be tomahawked. Sometimes Regina carried little Susan, and sometimes she led her by the hand.

At noon the Indians came to a halt on a large stream of water, which was no doubt the North Branch of the Susquehanna River. Thence they traveled day after day up the river, through wet and through dry, for it rained for several days.

When they had been on this dreary journey some five or six days, poor Barbara took

sick. Her feet were wounded and swollen and inflamed, so that she was thrown into a severe fever. Toward evening she told Regina that she could go no farther, and that she would rather die than to suffer any longer as she had done. But Regina still encouraged her, and even carried both the bundles. The Indians halted somewhat earlier that day, or Barbara would certainly have given out. As soon as they stopped she lay down on the cold, damp earth, which increased her fever. She could eat nothing that evening, and at night she could not sleep. She became deranged, and frequently alarmed poor Regina, who had never seen any person in the delirium of a high fever. About midnight she called for water, and poor Regina did not know how to get it; she was afraid if she would rise to go for water the Indians would shoot her. But Barbara still called for water. At length Regina rose up and went toward the fire, where there was a tin cup, which she took to the Indian who was on guard, and pointed to her sister and then toward the river. He nodded. So she went and got her a drink. After she had drank, she became more quiet; but in the morning her feet and legs were so swollen, and she was so weak, that she could not stand. Poor Regina tried to help her up, but she would sink down again. While Regina was trying to help, her up, some of the brutal savages noticed the scene and laughed at the poor sick girl. Oh, what cruelty! what inhuman monsters they were! One of them even went up to the poor sick girl, and raised her up several times only to see her fall. Barbara was so weak, and so sick and full of pain, that she told Regina she would rather die than live. If the Indians killed her she would go to her dear Savior. Poor Regina wept bitterly at the thought of losing her sister.

When breakfast was over, arrangements were made for starting. Barbara could not walk. The Indians tried to make her walk; but it was impossible. They threatened her with the tomahawk, but all had no effect; it was out of her power to walk. What was now to be done? The Indians all gathered round her and examined her

swollen and inflamed feet; but their hearts were harder than the nether-millstone,-no compassion was awakened in those hardened savages. Barbara was resigned to her fate, looking back upon the murder of her father and brother and looking forward to her Savior in heaven; and, remembering the words of her Savior, "Fear not them that can kill the body," she looked almost with joy upon the end of her suffering. She was now rational; her heart was lifted up to God in prayer. The Indians held a short consultation: then one of them walked right up to Barbara and sank his tomahawk into her head—and she hardly moved. She was then scalped. Regina was so overcome that she shricked out and threw herself upon the vet writhing body of her sister; but the Indian fiends tore her away and soon after moved off. Regina's feet were also very sore, and so were little Susan's. Before the Indians started they made Regina tear broad pieces from the woolen petticoat of her murdered sister and tie them around her feet and the feet of Susan. This turned out to be of great advantage to

the poor girls. The Indians did not want to lose these children; they expected to receive a ransom for them. It was the love of gain, and nothing else, that induced them to take any care of them.

It may be well enough here to state that on this excursion the Indians had only murdered two families,—viz.: the Hartman family, as we have seen, and a family by the name of Smith, who lived about eight miles from Hartman's. The man had lost his wife, and little Susan was his only child. The Indians killed him before daylight, on the same day that they came to Hartman's, and carried off the little girl. This is the way Susan came into their cruel hands.

Sad indeed were the thoughts of Regina now. Her father, her brother, and her sister, were all gone, and her poor mother she never expected to see again; and what would become of her?

But the journey still continued,—though the Indians did not seem to be in much of a hurry. Sometimes they only traveled eight or ten miles a day; and when it rained they made sheds and kept them selves dry. But it was getting very cold, and on the ninth or tenth day it snowed. The poor children almost perished. Regina found an old apron of her mother's; this she tore in two pieces, and put one piece around her head and the other around the head of Susan. This kept their heads warm. The pieces of cloth they had round their feet were turned and shifted from time to time as they became torn. They had plenty to eat, such as it was,—mostly parched corn and fresh meat, without salt, though roasted or cooked in the campkettle.

The little girls were now no longer watched so closely, for the Indians knew well enough that they would not attempt to run away. Sometimes the Indians would go out from the camp and bring in a bear and two or three deer in one day. The bear-skin belonged to the one who shot it; but the deer-skins, like all the meat, were common property. The Indians made moccasins of them; and one of them made moccasins also for our poor little girls. This was delightful; they could now get

along so much better, and their feet were kept warm. This was like a green spot in the dreary desert of their captivity.

Poor little Susan could not understand why she should be taken so far from home, and used to ask Regina, in German, if they would soon get home. Alas! poor child, she had no home! Regina, though but a child herself, acted the part of a mother to her. She did every thing she could to make her comfortable; she would always get her a drink, and at night she would cover her up warmly with the blankets. And when the poor little thing would cry, as she often did, Regina would try to comfort her. She became much attached to Regina. They were indeed little companions in affliction.

Thus they traveled on some eighteen or twenty days before they got to the end of their dreary journey. But, alas! when they got to the end of their long journey their condition was no better than it had been on the way. It is true, they had not to walk and carry bundles, but they had many other hardships to endure. They were now somewhere in New York, and fell to the lot of a young Indian who had been on this excursion, and who perhaps had been more brutal than the rest.

Now just imagine the condition of these poor unfortunate children, far from home and friends, in a wild country, and among cruel savages. How thankful you ought to be, my dear young readers, that your lot is cast in a different age, and that you have kind friends to provide for you and take care of you.

Still, the poor girls were glad their journey was ended. The young Indian, when they came to their grand halt,—or the place from which they had started,—took the children (though not the blankets) to his little hut, called a wigwam. It was a very small log hut, with a bad roof, and open on all sides; still, it was better than none. Here they found an ugly old Indian woman, who was the mother of the young Indian. This was now their home. Here they spent many a sad and dreary year.

CHAPTER VII.

REGINA AND SUSAN IN CAPTIVITY.

THEIR HARDSHIPS - THE CRUELTY OF THE OLD SQUAW-HOW THEY SPENT THEIR TIME -THEIR AFFECTION FOR EACH OTHER.

WE have followed Regina to the place of her captivity; let us now look into her abode, and her toils, and her sufferings.

The name of the old squaw, in whose charge she was placed, was Shelackla, which means "a dark or rainy cloud." She was as drunken, cross, unfeeling, and ill-natured an old hag as is rarely seen. She was never sober when she could get any thing to get drunk with, and, when drunk, she was a perfect fury. Her son, although himself a very bad man, could not remain with his mother. Hence he often left her for weeks together, to provide for herself or starve. She was old

and decrepit, and much crippled with the rheumatism, so that most of the time she could not walk. This fact saved poor Regina many a severe blow. Regina had to carry all the wood to the wigwam that was needed; and in the summer she had to gather all kinds of fruits and roots, and in the winter she had to catch all kinds of wild animals for meat, to sustain the old squaw. Every time she came home without the quantity and quality the old hag wanted, she would beat her most unmercifully. She seemed to take pleasure in hearing Regina and little Susan screaming. Sometimes she was very kind, and would give the girls a piece of dried venison, or a handful of parched corn, or a few dried whortleberries. The children's clothes were soon torn into tatters. Of course, when they were worn out they got no others, but had to dress just as the Indian children dressed. They had a kind of sack, made of deer-skin, just large enough to go over the body, and extending from the hip-bones almost down to the knees. This curious bag-shaped garment

was either kept up by being tied around the waist with a bark string, or supported by suspenders over the shoulders, also made of bark. The arms, legs, and all the upper part of the body, were naked and exposed to the cold; still, in very cold weather, Regina had also a small, dirty, thin blanket, and moccasins and leggings. But it was a long time before the poor girl could become fully reconciled to such an outlandish dress. But what was to be done? she could not help herself.

When she was sent out into the woods for any thing, she often kneeled down under a tree and recited all the prayers and hymns she had learned from her dear mother. She often took little Susan along and taught her to sing and pray. But she had no books, and no person to speak German to but little Susan; and the old squaw would not let them speak German, so they had to learn the Indian language; and they soon learned to name the few things around them, and in a short time they could understand the old hag, who spoke only the Indian language, so that in the course of a

few years Regina forgot to speak the German; but, in consequence of the prayers and hymns she had learned in her father's house, she could always understand the German language, though she could not speak it.

There were other Indian families living in the neighborhood, and sometimes Regina was sent to a neighbor's house, which the Indians call "wigwam." Regina became acquainted with a number of little Indian children, and some of the Indian girls were very clever and kind to her. They formed quite an affection for her, and sometimes visited her at her own house, and taught her to weave bark and grass baskets, and work beads on purses and moccasins,-at which Regina became very expert, and did a great deal in the way of supporting her cruel mistress. She learned the Indian art of coloring from the old squaw with whom she lived. This old squaw had once been famous for her expertness in making all kinds of Indian things, and her cabin was hung all around with curious ornaments worked on skins and bark and different kinds of cloth. In her younger days she had a number of wampum belts, that were very beautiful; and these she would sometimes, when in a very good humor, show the girls, and tell them when she made them—so many moons ago, and she was so many moons making them.

Sometimes, when the little Indian girls would come to see Regina, if the old squaw was in a bad humor, she would drive them away with great fury; at other times she seemed glad to see them.

The Indian children had their sports, and plays, and pastimes; but, as they were generally of a rude nature, Regina never had much pleasure in them.

As Regina was of a very fair complexion, and had large blue eyes and red cheeks, the Indian children gave her the name Sawquehanna, which means, in their language, "a white lily." Little Susan, who was of a dark complexion and shorter than Indian children of her age generally were, they called Knoloska, which means "a shortlegged bear." By these names only were they known among the Indian children.

During the summer the poor captives fared pretty well; but in the winter they had hard times. Regina had to carry all the wood to the wigwam to keep the old squaw warm; and when they were out of provision she had to get it as best she could, and wo be to her if she came home without something to eat! She was sure to get a beating from her cruel mistress.

Time passed on—four, five, six years, and no change;—the same dull round and routine of Indian life. Regina was now growing up toward womanhood; but, alas! her fair, white complexion was turned to a tawny brown, and her once beautiful and glossy hair was in a bad plight. Her once buoyant and cheerful spirit was crushed by the brutal treatment she received and the many hardships she had to endure. The home of her childhood she could never forget. How could she forget her dear mother? She often thought of her once happy home, and wept when she thought of her mother, and wondered whether she would ever again behold her face? She was not happy in her Indian home; she could not

give up the idea of once more being permitted to see her white friends. She still continued to say her prayers, and oftenvery often-did she ask God to restore her to her dear mother. She also recollected a portion of her catechism, and taught little Susan all she knew of God and of his Son Jesus Christ. Her ideas of the Savior were not very clear, for she had forgotten much that she had once known; but, still, she knew that he had come into the world and died to save poor sinners. She knew, too, that he was a divine Being, and that she must pray to him; and as she recollected the creed distinctly, and often repeated it as one of her prayers, that fact kept the true idea of the Savior and his mission into our world, his death and ascension, fresh in her mind. And then it seemed so strange to her that she should never hear any singing and praying, as she had been accustomed to in her father's house.

We stated, a while ago, that the little Indian children sometimes came to Regina and Susan, and tried to make them happy, by introducing their rude and shocking

plays. These plays consisted in running and jumping, and scalping and torturing, and making the children run the gauntlet. This was a play Regina did not much relish. The plays of children are said, in all countries, to be derived mainly from the pursuits and labors of their parents. And it is no doubt true. The little son of the farmer will be apt to play horse; while the son of the mechanic will use a tool. Thus, in time of war, children will play soldier. So the little Indians would have their fun in the scalping-frolic and making each other run the gauntlet. Now, I suppose, many of my little readers do not know what this means; I will, therefore, explain it. When the Indians took a prisoner, they brought him before the great council, where his fate was determined upon. He was either to be shot with arrows, to be burnt alive, or to run the gauntlet. The running of the gauntlet was this: -All the Indians-men, women, and childrenplaced themselves in two long rows; each one had a stick or club in his or her hand; the prisoner was to run through the open

ing, and each was to strike him as he ran. Sometimes they would kill him; for if he was so unfortunate as to be knocked down -which often happened-he would never be permitted to rise, for they would all fall upon him with their clubs and beat him to death. This was one of the plays of those rude children of the forest. Little Susan was more interested in these rough plays than Regina.

We shall now leave these children a while, in their wild Indian home, - God will take care of them,—and return to the mother of Regina, and see how she is getting along, and see, too, whether she has forgotten her lost children.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOME OF A DESOLATE WIDOW — HER
THOUGHTS—HER HOPES.

WE stated that the neighbors in the "Valley of Blood"—as we shall call the place where John Hartman and George were butchered by the Indians—were very kind, and built her a house, and did every thing they could to make her comfortable. But, alas! she was sad and sorrowful. Although she had one source of comfort that many have not,—that was true religion, yet there was a settled gloom upon her mind, occasioned by the absence of her daughter Regina; - for the body of her murdered daughter Barbara was found. And when she heard of it she prevailed on a party of her neighbors to go with her; and they found that some hunters, who had first seen it, dug a hole and put the body of Barbara into it. She found the grave on the banks of the stream, where it is still pointed out as the "German Captive's Grave," under a large oak, through whose dense foliage the winds still sigh her requiem. She wanted to take the body home with her; but her neighbors dissuaded her from it. So she agreed to leave it rest there in peace until the morning of the resurrection. The fate of this poor girl was something like that of Miss McCrea, of which you may have read in our Revolutionary history. Mrs. Hartman, however, had the grave opened, and there she saw her dear Barbara with her cleft head! Oh, how her heart was moved! She was so overpowered that she nearly fainted, and it was some time before she recovered; and, when she did recover from her swoon, her daughter was again buried from her sight, and in sadness and sorrow she returned to her dreary home. She often was heard to say, "If I only was certain of the fate of Regina I could be happy once more; but," she declared, "I never can have peace of mind until I know what has become of her."

She often wanted to employ men to go among the Indians in New York and Canada and try to find out what had become of her. Her friends and neighbors would comfort her—some one way, some another.

One woman told her, one day, that she had no doubt Regina would be returned to her yet. "God grant it!" exclaimed the mother. "If I could but once see my long-lost daughter I would say, like good old Simeon, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace.'" There seemed to be but one thought in her mind, and that was her poor lost child. She never forgot her in her prayers. She spoke of her when awake and dreamed of her by night; and even the very recollection of her dreams, in which she had seen her beloved daughter, was delicious.

She did every thing that could be done to hear of her daughter. She often performed long journeys, on foot, to places where she had heard of children that had been restored. She sometimes went to Philadelphia, to see the governor and the army

officers about her daughter; but no light was shed upon her child.

One day, a kind friend made it his business to cross the Blue Mountains, to inform her that he had heard of a girl who was taken from the Indians; and, from the description, he had no doubt it was her daughter. "Yes, yes; it is my daughter!" Next day she started off, bright and early, and walked that day as far as Reading. Next morning she started for the place called Maxitany, to the house of old Colonel Levan, where the girl was; but, alas! when she came there she was disappointed,—it was not her daughter! So she had again to return without her.

She was very kindly treated by Colonel Levan and his family, and formed a strong attachment to his daughter Esther, who was then about sixteen years old, and reminded her of her own dear Regina. This same Esther Levan, a few years afterward, was married to Benjamin, youngest son of Conrad Weiser, and became a neighbor to Mrs. Hartman. She lived in Womelsdorf, Berks county, where she died, in 1820, at the ad-

vanced age of eighty-six years. From her many of the facts in this book were gathered by her grandson, the author.

Little Christian was now the only comfort of his bereaved mother. He was now a stout lad of some fourteen years, and was a great help to his mother. She taught him to read, and taught him religion. He was a fine boy;—did every thing he could to please his poor mother. In worldly things they got on right well; the widow and her son had enough to eat and wear. But Regina "was not," and that thought continually marred her peace. She often sang her favorite hymn:—

"Alone, and yet not all alone, am I In this lone wilderness."

She often thought that the Lord had laid heavy afflictions upon her. Still, she thought it was all right. "I deserve it all for my sins. But God will, at last, deliver me from all these afflictions; and, perhaps, I shall then see that such a severe discipline was the only thing that could bring me to heaven." If she could have understood

the English language, she might have given full utterance to her burdened heart in the beautiful hymn written about that time by Charles Wesley, whose muse was fired by the flames that burn on the altar above:—

"And let this feeble body fail
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss, for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast!

"In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the crown sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears
And take his exile home.

* * * * *

"Oh, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
And worship at his feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!"

These were the sentiments of Mrs. Hart-She longed for that better world, where she might see her blessed Savior and her dear lost ones. But still she believed her Regina was not dead, and that she would yet see her before she died; but how this would come to pass she did not know. She used to say, "God, in his own good time, would bring it to pass." Spring came, with its joys and its revived hopes; summer, with its hot suns, came; the golden autumn again returned, and another cold winter was at the widow's door; but no tidings of Regina came. When the lone widow sat by her cheerful fire, and heard the rude blasts of the pitiless storm, she thought of her absent daughter, and thought that perhaps she was exposed to its merciless peltings. Oh, then her heart would sink within her and the tears would start from her eyes! She could hardly wait till the return of spring, she was so intent upon carrying out the plans she had formed to find her daughter. Sometimes she reproached herself for not having been more active in hunting her up; -perhaps if she

had gone to Fort Pitt she might have heard something of her. She made up her mind, if spared till spring, she would leave no stone unturned until she would find out what had become of her daughter.

Early in the spring of 1763, she made up her mind to go to Pittsburg, or, as it was then called, Fort Pitt. She made herself acquainted with the road, and was informed by Conrad Weiser that, if she would go to a little village in the great valley called Falling Spring, or Chambers's Mill, (now Chambersburg,) she could there get an opportunity to go to Fort Pitt with the packers;—that is, men who carried iron, salt, powder, and other things, out to Fort Pitt on pack-horses. She took a horse, and-with her son Christian, who took a good rifleshe started for the Falling Springs. She reached that point-crossing the river at Harris's Ferry, passing through Carlisle—in four days. She remained with Mr. Benjamin Chambers, whose house was always open for strangers, until she had an opportunity of joining a company of packers, which was offered in a few days. She laid

in a stock of bread, and flour, and salt; for their meat they depended upon the trusty rifle. They passed through Raystown, now Bedford, Pennsylvania, and by Fort Legonier, and, without any thing more than a very tiresome journey, they reached Fort Pitt—then a garrison of the English government, and a few trading-houses and two small taverns—in thirteen days.

In one of the taverns there was an ostler, who was a German, and could speak some English. This man was of great service to Mrs. Hartman. He acted as her interpreter with the landlord, and with Colonel Boquet, the commander of the fort, and other officers.

Her story soon became known, and her heroic conduct was much admired and applauded by the whole garrison. It showed a strength of love and determination of purpose not often exhibited. All felt an interest in her godlike mission; but no clue could be given to her daughter. Still, her visit was not in vain, for it had a powerful effect in arousing the determination of the officers and soldiers in compelling the In-

dians to give up the many innocent children they had carried off. The brave and heroic conduct of this devoted mother, who had crossed the Alleghany Mountains at the risk of being made a captive herself by the savages that were still prowling about in the mountains and valleys of Western Pennsylvania, kindled anew the desire to rid the world of such monsters. All the officers promised to keep a look-out for Regina;—the very name interested them—a queen's. "We will certainly inquire the name of every captive girl we take from the Indians, and write you a letter and send it to Colonel Conrad Weiser, as soon as we find your daughter." This was indeed highly encouraging. Now she had some hope. She was not sorry she had made this long journey. She could now rest contented even if she would never find her daughter. She had now done her duty.

She waited until a company of packers again returned, and then retraced her steps. Sometimes she would walk a few miles: and then her son - of course they had to camp out; they had a thick, heavy, hempen cloth and blankets along—would cut four sticks, with prongs at the end; these they would stick in the ground, and fasten the cloth to them, and let large flaps of cloth hang down at the four sides. Into this little room they would creep, and many a sweet and refreshing sleep they had. The widow always said her prayers, even when she camped out in the wilderness. Under the protection of the Almighty she felt herself safe.

On one occasion, while they were encamped near a place called the "Shades of Death," near the place where the road crossed the Juniata river, they were alarmed by a party of Indians; but the sentinels saw them and gave the signal. In a moment the packers were ready for action, and the cowardly savages skulked off, to attack some lone cabin, or perhaps some unprotected women and children. Thus Providence brought this lonely widow in safety and peace to her home again.

She now contented herself, and made up her mind patiently to await the further developments of Providence in reference to her lost daughter. And, as nothing remarkable occurred until the mysterious plans of God's government were matured fully in reference to Regina, we will leave Mrs. Hartman in her quiet home until her presence is required in another quarter.

CHAPTER IX.

REGINA -- HER PRESENTIMENTS OF DELIVER-ANCE.

THE INDIAN WAR—THE TRIUMPHS OF THE ENGLISH ARMS
—THE BATTLES—THE CAPITULATION—A LARGE NUMBER
OF WHITE CAPTIVE CHILDREN DELIVERED TO COLONEL
BOQUET—REGINA AMONG THE NUMBER.

NINE long and dreary years had rolled by, and poor Regina was still a captive among the rude and savage Indians, and, so far as she could see, she must remain during her lifetime. She was now nineteen years old,—a fine-looking woman; but, as her complexion was much tanned by the sun and weather, and her once fair and glossy hair had become darker and much coarser, and as her bright, large, blue eyes did not become a dark skin, she was not near as pretty as she had been nine years before. The Indians did not consider her beautiful, because she had not black hair

and eyes. She had now forgotten how to speak any other than the Maquan Indian language. The tribe among whom she was were called Maguasas. Still, she remembered her mother. She had forgotten how she looked, but remembered her kindness and the sound instruction she had received from her. She often tried to recall to her mind the image of her mother, but she could not: it had been obliterated from the tablets of memory. She often asked herself the question, "If I were to meet my mother, would I know her? Oh, yes; though I have forgotten how she looked,and perhaps she has changed as much as I,-yet, if I would hear that sweet, melodious voice that once thrilled my youthful heart, I would surely know her."

When we say that Regina had forgotten the German language, we only mean that she could not have carried on a conversation in it; but she could have understood it, and still could repeat her hymns and prayers in that language.

Little Susan was now twelve years old; and, as she had black hair and black eyes, and had become very dark in her complexion, she looked very much like an Indian girl. She was much attached to Regina, and Susan was the only person Regina could love.

No wonder they loved each other. For nine long and dreary years they had been companions in sorrow and affliction. Their hearts had become knit together, so that the very thoughts of a separation were painful. The only few moments of joy they had experienced in their long captivity were from each other. The range of their thoughts was very limited. The little knowledge of God which Regina had acquired she freely taught Susan. But her mind did not expand. She had grown up to be a woman; but the powers of her intellect did not keep pace with those of her body. The Indians are, as is well known, very ignorant; that is, they have no abstract ideas-no knowledge of literature nor of history. They have no books-no written language; hence, no records of the past. And even if one generation were to learn any thing of importance, or make any valuable discoveries, the succeeding generations could not profit by them. Hence, most of the Indians do not know their own age. Yet they have good minds; and, as their attention is not taken up with books, they are very much thrown upon their own resources. They are generally very close observers of nature. It is wonderful how sharp their senses and all their powers of observation become. They watch the changes of the seasons with great care and minuteness. They never plant their corn, nor any thing that is liable to be injured by frosts, until the new white-oak-leaves are as large as a squirrel's foot. They never start on a journey in cloudy weather until they can see as much blue sky in the east as will make a shot-pouch. When the ground-hog seeks his winter-quarters the Indian does not venture from home; nor will he leave home when the maple-leaves turn up their white sides. They never lose themselves in the forest; it is said they always know every point of the compass, even in cloudy weather or in the darkest night. The following anecdote, which I have seen somewhere, may serve to give you a fair speci men of the close observing powers of the Indian:—

One day, an old Indian was out hunting, and shot a fine, large, fat buck. He was too large to earry home, so he took the skin off, and, Indian fashion, bent down a sapling, and, having fastened his buck to the sapling, let it go. The buck was thus raised about seven feet from the ground. Next day, he came with one of his sons to carry the buck home; but great was his disappointment when he found his buck was gone. The old man examined matters very closely, and finally made up his mind who it was that had stolen his buck. He told his son, simply, that a white man had done it. So he went in pursuit of the thief. After some time he met a white hunter. He went up to him and addressed him thus:-

"Did you see a little, old, white man with a short gun, and a little dog with a short tail?"

"Yes," says the hunter, "I did; and what of it?"

"Why," says the Indian, "he stole my buck."

"Well," says the hunter, "that may be, for he had the hind-quarters of a very fat buck on his shoulders. But, now, old fellow, I want you to tell me how you found out all these things about the man who stole your buck?"

"Why," says the Indian, "when I came to the tree I saw that my buck was stolen. I knew the wolves could not get at him. I knew an Indian did not take him, because the Indian is tall and could have reached him from the ground; whereas the man who took it was so small that he had to make a little stone pile to reach up. I knew he had a short gun, because I saw where his gun stood against a tree; I could see the print of the breech in the sand on the ground and the mark which the muzzle left on the bark. I knew he had a little dog, for I saw the prints of his feet; and I knew the dog had a short tail, for I saw the print of the stump in the sand. I knew he was an old man, from the shortness of his steps; and I knew he was a

white man, from the fact that in walking his toes were turned outward, and the Indian's feet are always straightforward."

This was pretty close reasoning,—equal to the finest specimen of the inductive philosophy of Lord Bacon.

Regina had exercised her powers of observation to a considerable extent; but she still hoped something would turn up to restore her to her friends. The Indian women and girls tried to persuade her to marry an Indian; but she would not hear of such a thing-all Indians were odious in her sight. And, although some of the young braves tried to insinuate themselves into her good graces, she would have nothing to do with those monsters in human shape. She could not forget the terrible scenes of her father's massacre, and the cleft head of her sister continually seemed to gape upon her. How could she ever have any respect—much less any affection -for the cruel murderers of her dearest friends? One young brave was determined to win her. He bribed the old squaw, with a gallon of rum and some brass trinkets, to

assist him. He even went out on a murdering excursion, and brought no less than seven scalps, (some of them women and children,) and laid them at Regina's feet! But this horrid brutality only increased her abhorrence. She repulsed all such overtures. And yet she was afraid that, according to the Indian fashion, her cruel old mistress might give her away in marriage to some young Indian. But the old hag could not spare her; for she was now very helpless, and Regina had to support her. God, in his merciful providence, averted so great a calamity, and Regina, with all the hardships and wrongs she had to endure, was never compelled to marry an Indian. For this she had great reason to thank God, and did thank him.

The Indians and the French were still at war with England. In 1755, four warlike expeditions were projected by the English against the French and Indians: - one against Nova Scotia; one against the French and Indians on the Ohio,—the object of this one was to take Fort Du Quesne, (now Pittsburg;) a third was to take Crown

Point, and the fourth was directed against Niagara. General Braddock commanded the one against Fort Pitt or Du Quesne, and suffered a most disastrous defeat. But the other three were partially successful. The French and Indians were routed in almost every engagement. At length the French had to give up. By the Peace of Paris, made between England and France, in 1763, all the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and the island of Cape Breton, were confirmed to Great Britain.

The Indians were now in a bad way. Their French allies left them to their fate. They had now the whole power of Great Britain and her colonies to encounter; and they had sense enough to know that if all the Indians, together with the French, could not withstand the soldiers of England and America, they would stand but a poor chance. They were completely subdued, and agreed to any terms of peace.

Colonel Boquet dictated the terms of peace with the Indians; and one of the conditions was "that all white children who had been taken captives by the Indians must be given up to the English Government." This the Indians at once But how was this to be done? agreed to. Colonel Boquet was an excellent officer and a humane and benevolent gentleman. He appointed a company of tried veterans, and sent them into all the Indian settlements, to see that this part of the terms of peace was complied with to the very letter. He had a great many applications from parents for their lost children, and, among the rest, one for Regina from her mother. He was, therefore, deeply interested in this work of mercy. The Indians soon found out that there was now a force sufficiently powerful to crush them, and they willingly gave up all their captives who wanted to leave them. Strange to say, some would not leave them,—they had become so attached to Indian life that they preferred their captivity to freedom.

At length, they (the soldiers of Colonel Boquet) had finished their work, and more than one hundred poor children—from five to twenty years old—were delivered into his hands. When they were brought into

his camp his noble heart was deeply affected. Many of these poor children had lost their parents, and they were nearly naked. Colonel Boquet was moved with compassion, and shed tears over the sad and painful spectacle. The brave soldiers under him shared in his noble sympathies, and joined him in giving their blankets, and handkerchiefs, and shirts, and every thing they could spare, to cover the naked children. They were kindly treated by the whole army.

But the next question that presented itself to the good colonel was, What is to be done with these children? He consulted with his officers; and it was determined that they should be sent to Fort Pitt in the government baggage-wagons, attended by a strong escort, and that he himself would accompany them. He had them carefully brought to Fort Pitt, and well taken care of.

This was in September, 1765. He ordered the facts to be published throughout the colonies,—that a large number of children, given up by the Indians, were now at Fort Pitt, and requested their friends and parents to come and get their long-lost children. A great many from the western counties came; some found their children and some did not. But, alas! many poor little children had no parents or friends to claim them. At that time there was no orphan-home near Pittsburg as there is now. Just think how happy these little orphans would have been in such a home, where they could have received a good Christian education, and thus become useful members of society. God bless the orphan-home!

If you could have been in Pittsburg on the 13th day of September, 1765, and have stood at the lower end of Penn Street, where the old fort stood,—called by the French Fort Du Quesne, (pronounced Du Kane,) and by the English (in honor of William Pitt) Fort Pitt,—you might have seen a touching and deeply-affecting sight. The children were all brought out on the parade-ground; and, having been placed front-face in a long row, so that they could be seen, and the anxious parents passing up

and down looking out for their dear ones; and then, when the eyes of some fond mother would light upon her long-lost child, to see her spring forward and to hear the scream of delight, and then to see that mother falling into a swoon of joy. Then, too, you might see the tears of sympathy starting from the eyes of the brave and noble officers, and see the rough, hardened, and weather-beaten soldier wiping the tears from his cheeks! Such scenes were witnessed day after day until upward of fifty children had been found by their parents. But there were still fifty or more children who had not been claimed. What was to be done with them? Colonel Boquet was not the man to leave a godlike work halfdone. He was determined that if these poor children had parents or friends, those parents and friends should have an opportunity of finding their children. He was himself a parent, and could, therefore, enter into a parent's feelings. He determined to take the children to Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

On the 21st of September, 1763, he had them again put into the government wagons, and, taking with him plenty of provisions and clothing and a strong escort, he started on his second mission of mercy. In thirteen days he reached Carlisle. This shows how slowly and tenderly he traveled with his precious freight. This was a work of such importance, and he was so deeply interested in the welfare of these children, that he could not give the work over into the hands of his officers, but must see it done himself. Noble fellow! And did not many a mother bless him to her latest breath?

When he arrived at Carlisle a deep interest was awakened in that little village in behalf of these children. Everybody went out to the garrison to see them and to pity the poor things. Colonel Boquet had a notice published in all the papers then issued in Eastern Pennsylvania, that so many children had been taken from the Indians, and that all parents who had lost their children during the last fifteen years should come to Carlisle and see whether their lost ones were among them.

In Carlisle Regina found persons who

could speak German, and she began to think she could not be far from her mother; but, alas! poor thing, she could not tell any person in German where her mother lived. She recollected that they lived among the mountains,—and the mountain back of Carlisle seemed familiar to her; and when she was asked in German where she had lived, she pointed toward the mountains,—for she still understood the German, though she could not speak it.

She was much interested in the new objects she saw; for there was more finery and fashion then in Carlisle than in Fort Pitt. She had pretty good clothes, too, and plenty to eat—bread and meat and milk. In those days very little coffee and tea were used.

One of the corporals could speak the Indian language, and he acted as interpreter between the children and Colonel Boquet and those who came to hunt up their lost children. One day, a gentleman came to look for a daughter who had been lost fifteen years; and he thought, as Regina was one of the oldest, that perhaps she was his

daughter. But on a closer examination he found that he was mistaken—as his daughter had black eyes and Regina's were blue. She informed the interpreter, on this occasion, as well as she could, how she had fallen into the hands of the Indians, and that she had only her mother and one brother left, but did not recollect where she had lived, or what her mother's or father's name had been, only that her father's name was John. She also told him her Indian name, which was Sawquehanna; and her former name, which she said was Regina, which, however, she did not pronounce correctly as we pronounce it in English. She pronounced it Raghenā, half German and half Indian. The interpreter asked if this was the name by which her mother used to call her. She said it was, This fact was communicated to Colonel Boquet, who made an entry of it in his book, for he looked upon this as a clue to her parentage. For one of the first questions the parents generally asked was. What are the names of the children? But some were so young that they did not know their own names. They all had Indian names, which they recollected.

Poor Regina asked the interpreter whether she would ever see her mother again? and how long it would be? and a hundred other questions, which he, of course, could not answer. She now, as she saw one child after another claimed and carried away by fond parents, began to feel more and more anxious to see her mother. When the women came to the garrison to look for their children she always looked for her mother. She was not sure that she would know her.

Regina now felt more lost than ever. She had no home—not even the rude hut of her old and ill-natured Indian mistress. It is true, Susan was her constant companion; but Regina thought that perhaps the parents of Susan would come and claim her, and then they would be separated—perhaps forever. The very thought of being separated from Susan was painful. And when she, one day, mentioned her fears to Susan, the little girl wept and

clung closely to her and said,—"No, no; you must not leave me. I will go with you and stay where you stay. We will eat hominy together, and sleep together, and sing and pray together."

CHAPTER X.

THE MOTHER.

HOME OF THE LONELY WIDOW IN THE MOUNTAINS—THE STRONG AND UNDYING AFTACTION OF A FOND MOTHER— HER THOUGHTS OF THE LOVED, THE LOST, THE ABSENT, AND THE DEAD.

After Mrs. Hartman returned from her long journey to Fort Pitt, she thought she had now done all she could to recover her lost Regina, and she would now wait and see what God would do. She heard nothing of her daughter, and yet she was strongly impressed with the thought that she would yet see her; but where, or how, she knew not. Every thing was in God's hands, and he would so order affairs that she would yet find her. Her prayers were constantly going up to the eternal throne in behalf of Regina. Those prayers would be

heard. She knew that God would hear prayer, and, in his own good time, answer it to the joy and comfort of her heart. The whole Bible is full of the evidences that God hears prayer. Mrs. Hartman had read her Bible with care, and in it she found many instances where God had answered prayer, and this gave her encouragement and hope. She became more fervent in prayer.

In looking over the passages she had marked in the Bible, she found that when Abraham's servant prayed in Mesopotamia, while he was yet speaking Rebecca made her appearance. (Gen. xxiv. 12.) When Jacob wrestled with an angel of God at Jabbok, Esau's mind was changed. (Gen. xxxii. 24.) When Moses, the man of God, prayed at Rephidim, Israel prevailed against Amalek. (Ex. xvii. 8.) When Joshua prayed, the sun stood still; and he prays again, and Achan is discovered. When Hannah prayed, God heard and gave her a son. David prayed, and Ahithophel hung himself. When Asa prayed, God gave him a great victory over his enemies. Daniel

prayed in the lion's den, and God shut up their mouths. The three Hebrew children prayed in the furnace, and the flames did not hurt them. Mordecai and Esther fast and pray, and the enemy of God's people (Haman) is hanged on a gallows fifty cubits high. Elijah prays, and no rain falls for three years and a half; he prays again, and a torrent of rain descends. Elisha prays, the river Jordan is divided: he prays again, the son of the Shunammite returns to life. When the church at Jerusalem prayed, Peter was delivered from prison. (Acts xii. 5.) Paul and Silas praved at midnight, and the foundation of the prison is shaken. These things Mrs. Hartman recollected, and had great confidence in prayer.

Oh, what has not prayer accomplished? In the language of another,—"Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into flowing fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers, marshaled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in his swift race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eter-

nity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven! Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and has routed and destroyed vast armies of proud and daring infidels and atheists."

Mrs. Hartman knew that prayer had brought Jonah from the bottom of the sea, and had taken Elijah to heaven on a chariot of fire, and she believed that prayer could bring back her lost daughter. Hence, she prayed most importunately to God for the recovery of Regina. Nor did she pray in vain. God heard the widow's sighs and groans.

We cannot forbear inserting a quotation here from the pen of the Rev. W. R. Williams, D.D., of New York, which is beautiful and eloquent, and seems to point to just such a lowly cottage, buried in a deep forest, as Mrs. Hartman's was.

"And how vast the range of blessing your prayers may take! Who can tell the history or trace the wanderings of you cloud that sails in light and glory across the sky, or indicate from what source its bosom has been filled with the vapors it is yet to shed back upon the earth? Perhaps, though now wandering over the tilled field and the peopled village, its stores were drawn from some shaded fountain in the deep forest, where the eye of man has scarce ever penetrated. In silent obscurity that fountain yielded its pittance, and did its work of preparing to bless the far-off lands that shall yet be glad for it. And even thus it is with praver. Little do we know often of the secret origin of the dews of blessing that descend on the churches of God. In the recesses of some lowly cottage-in the depths of some humble heart-may be going on the work of pious intercession, in answer to which the grace of heaven descends on us and on our children, on the labors of the wondering and joyful pastor, and on the hearts of the far-off heathen, until the wilderness and the solitary places are glad for them. The time is to come when from every home such prayer shall arise. Let us sustain and swell, in our day, the ascending volume of supplication that is yet to roll around the globe, and never to fail until over a world regenerated and purified the morning stars shall again shout for joy, and the earth, emerging from her long and disastrous eclipse of sin and wrath, shall yet again walk the heavens in her unsullied brightness."

The pious Germans are firm believers in God's special providence and interposition. Some think they carry the matter too far. Henry Yung Stilling has had a powerful influence, by his numerous works, over the pious German mind. Indeed, all their pious writers inculcate a strong and firm belief in a very special providence. But Mrs. Hartman loved to think that the God she adored would, somehow or other, interpose in her behalf and restore her child. Ah! little did that pious heart, buried in the dismal gloom of a dark forest in America, think that her humble prayers were moving the hand that moved the universe!

Yet so it was. God influenced the hearts of the English officers to appeal to the government to prosecute a vigorous war against the French; and, when the French were overcome, their allies (the Indians) became powerless. Thus, not only the prayers, but also the heroic conduct, of this devoted mother in going to Fort Pitt in search of her lost daughter, had their effect. Her labor was not in vain in the Lord.

As her long-absent and lost daughter had often asked herself the question, "Would I know my mother if I were to see her?" so the mother often asked herself the question, "Would I know my lost daughter even if I were to see her?" And she called up in her imagination her beautiful and lovely daughter as she looked when she was ten years old. Her fair, transparent skin, with its carmine tints; her large, full, round blue eyes; her fine, glossy hair; her fat, round form, and her dimpled chin, -all rose up in her imagination like a beautiful ambrotype. And she loved to gaze on this beautiful re-creation of her lovely daughter. But then she reflected, as she was now nineteen years old, how changed she must be. Perhaps her complexion has faded, the form of her expression changed, and her once happy spirit broken. Deep emotion

would not permit her to dwell on this painful subject. And she consoled herself with the reflection that she was in the hands of God, and that he would take care of her.

Thus things moved on during the summer. The widow and her son had been busy. And as the fall was now again closing in upon her,—that melancholy season in which she had met with all her misfortunes,—when she saw the sere and yellow leaf of autumn, she could not but think of the terrible scenes of nine years before, when her husband was murdered and her children were carried away.

One day, when she was in a gloomy and melancholy mood, having thought a great deal about her daughter, Christian came running to the house and told his mother that a gentleman was riding up the lane toward the house on a gray horse, and he wondered who he was. The widow stood at the window and looked out. She saw him coming past the stable; but he was a stranger. He rode to the fence, dismounted, hitched his horse, and came into the house. When he came in he

inquired whether this was the place where the widow Hartman lived? She answered in the affirmative. She wondered what he could possibly have come for; it was very seldom that a stranger came into that lonely region. As it was near noon, Mrs. Hartman, with true German hospitality, proposed to have his horse put in the stable, and said she would get him his dinner. Christian then took his horse to the stable and gave him a good feed, and, after some time, a good and substantial dinner was prepared for the stranger. The widow was still in suspense as to the stranger's business. Her curiosity was, of course, awakened; but she was too sensible a woman to be rude in asking questions. But, while sitting at the table, she ventured to ask him if was going any further up the valley? He replied, no; but that he intended to return that same day to Tulpehocken. And, without keeping her in suspense any longer, he informed her that the Rev. Mr. Kurtz, then pastor of the Lutheran church at Tulpehocken, (where the Rev. L. Eggers now resides,) had sent

him over to let her know that Colonel Boquet had brought a large number of children—who were taken from the Indians—to Carlisle, and, perhaps, her lost daughter might be among them. "This is my only business," said he. I cannot describe the tumultuous thoughts and feelings of the poor mother's heart! She could not speak for a few moments; the blood rushed to her face, and then back to her heart, and she almost fainted. The first words she could utter were, "God bless you! God bless you and Parson Kurtz! My daughter is there; -I know it, I know it! My prayers have been heard, thank the Lord! I knew he would hear me." And thus she went on for some time. The stranger, whose name I have forgotten, tried to comfort her, and, after some time, mounted his horse and returned.

No doubt that man felt happy that day. And when he laid his head upon his pillow at night, and thought of the joy he had carried to that poor widow's heart, he felt that acts of kindness have their own reward. To do good to others is to be happy ourselves.

The widow had made up her mind at once what she would do. She would go that same afternoon to a neighbor's and borrow another horse,-for she had only one. Christian would ride one and she the other; then they could bring Regina back. For, from the first moment she heard of the children being at Carlisle, she felt confident that her lost daughter was among them. Her arrangements were soon made. A neighbor-woman promised to go over to her house every day and see that every thing was right, and feed the animals she had about her. They were ready long before day next morning, but did not start until the gray light began to shoot up the eastern sky.

Mrs. Hartman knew the road to Carlisle, as she had passed through it on her way to Fort Pitt. The first day they came to a farm-house, near the place where Lebanon now stands. The second day they came to Harris's Ferry; from this latter place they had only twenty miles to Carlisle. Early in the morning, directed by Mr. Harris, they forded the Susquehanna river, which

was then very low, and soon turned their faces toward Carlisle. As they approached Carlisle the widow became very much excited. Her daughter—her long-lost daughter;—would she know her daughter? would her daughter know her? were questions that crowded upon her mind.

She was absorbed in these reflections, and scarcely heard the numerous questions which Christian asked her about the strange things he saw. At last he looked up, and, pointing up in the air a good piece ahead, he inquired, "What is that, mother?" She looked up and saw the British flag, as it waved over the garrison. She knew it, for she had seen it before, both at Fort Pitt and at Carlisle. "That," she replied, "is Carlisle; we will now soon be there." They were then about two miles off, on the old Trindle Spring Road. They hastened on; and, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the town.

They went to a tavern,—a stone house in the center of the town,—where they dismounted; but the landlord could not speak. German. There was a German, however, in the house, who acted as interpreter. She soon made her business known, and every one seemed to take an interest in assisting her. They did not want any thing to eat, for they had taken dinner some six or seven miles from Carlisle. The widow was anxious at once to see the good Colonel Boquet. She asked the German man at the inn to go with her.

Her feelings cannot be described. None but a mother, placed in similar circumstances, can enter fully into her feelings. She first went to Colonel Boquet, and told him (through the interpreter) all about her daughter:—how long she had been absent, how old she was, how she looked; but such a child as she described was not there. The colonel, it seems, had forgotten the name (Regina) which he had recorded in his book.

After some conversation he took her into a large room, into which he had ordered all the captives to be taken. There they were, all looking cheerful and happy. Mrs. Hartman walked in and lookedall around for her child; but, alas! she was not there. She

had the image of Regina engraved upon her heart as she appeared nine years before, when she was a child. She passed through the room three or four times, and minutely examined the thirty girls that were there; but there was not one that seemed to bear any resemblance to Regina. There was one there that she addressed in German; but the poor child did not understand her. It was only then that she was informed that the children could speak no other than the Indian language. With a sad heart she was leaving the room, when she met the large, lustrous, blue eyes of what she thought was a stately Indian girl. She did not speak to her, but passed on.

It was now near night; and she had come to the conclusion that her daughter was not there. And when Colonel Boquet informed her that he had taken all the children from the Indians, she came to the conclusion that Regina was dead; and, if so, it was her duty to submit to the will of God. All her joyful anticipations of meeting her long-lost child were now blasted. Hope, which had long borne her up, now sick-

ened and died. She went to the tavern, but had no appetite to eat.

When she retired to her bed that night, it was not to sleep, but to spend a night of agony. She prayed, and wept, and prayed again, until she became calm and tranquil.

In the morning she had made up her mind that she would leave Carlisle. It was no use to stay any longer. She had seen all the girls, and she was sure Regina was not there. When she was about to start, the German man at the tayern told her that a great many people were coming that day for their children, and that the children were to be paraded in the center of the town at nine o'clock, and that she had better remain. Although, she said, she knew her child was not there, yet it would do her heart good to see other parents finding their lost children, and she would remain. She did remain, and the result you shall soon see.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DAUGHTER.

THE WIDOW'S TOILS AND LABORS REWARDED—THE LOST FOUND—THE MEANS OF THE DISCOVERY—A THRILLING SCENE—REGINA IN HER FOND MOTHER'S ARMS—HAPPY, HAPPY MOTHER!

Carlisle was all in commotion. A large number of strangers were in town, many of whom had come to see the rescued captives, and others had come to seek their long-lost children.

About nine o'clock in the morning—being a bright, clear, and lovely day in September, neither too cold nor too warm—a noise and bustle were heard, accompanied by the shrill fife and the tap of the drum. Mrs. Hartman and Christian looked out of the window, and there were the children, escorted by a platoon of soldiers, coming up the street from the garrison, with Colonel

Boquet at their head. They were brought up into one of those beautiful squares for which Carlisle is noted. The largest and finest-looking boys and girls were in front and the smaller ones in the rear. Regina was in the foremost rank and Susan in the rear. Poor little Susan almost broke her heart when she was separated from Regina. She could not understand why she dare not walk with Regina. But the colonel had his notions formed on the most approved principles of military tactics, and so he would have it. The girls were all neatly dressed-every thing but bonnets. Instead of bonnets the colonel had given each girl a fine red handkerchief, which they were ordered to put over their heads; although those poor girls, who had been so long among the Indians, did not consider it any great favor to have the head protected either from the sun or the cold. The boys had hats on, and were all dressed like little soldiers. When the colonel had brought them to the public square, he placed them on a beautiful green, between the old court-house and the old stone

church, facing the present railroad. The ground is now enclosed with iron railing, as the court-house yard. This was a novel sight, to see so many children that had been so long among the Indians. All the people in town went to see them.

A number of parents were there, looking with anxious eyes over the company of captives. Every now and then some father or mother, and sometimes both, would be made happy by finding a long-lost child. On such occasions the assembled multitude would join in the shout of joy; for every time a child was recognised by its parents a shout would be uttered. Poor Mrs. Hartman was, of course, glad to see this. Some twenty or thirty children were that day recognised.

At length, about noon, Mrs. Hartman made up her mind that she would start off and go as far as Harris's Ferry that night. While she was standing at the head of the captives, she could not help looking at the fine, tall, Indian-looking girl with the large blue eyes. She passed and repassed her frequently, and she noticed that the Indian

girl was looking at her; but here the matter ended. While standing there .- looking at the stately Indian girl, and as she was just about to leave the ground,-Colonel Boquet, with the interpreter, came up to her and addressed her, and asked her whether she could see nothing of her daughter? She replied, in sobs, that her daughter was not there. The colonel then inquired whether there were no marks upon her by which she could recognise her? She could recollect none. He then asked her whether she did not recollect some songs or hymns that her daughter might have heard her sing before her captivity. She said, yes; her daughter was a good German singer, and they had often sung the hymn-

> "Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein, Bin ich-"

In English,-

"Alone, and yet not all alone, am I."

"Well," says the colonel, "now suppose you just sing that hymn. Start here, at

the head of the company, and I will walk with you, and you shall sing the hymn that you and your daughter used to sing together; and if she is here it will awaken the right chord. She has not forgotten those early songs."

Mrs. Hartman said it was no use. Her daughter was not there, and the English people would only laugh at her German singing. But the colonel insisted upon it. So she took off her bonnet, at the colonel's request. She was standing near the head of the little army of captives. She commenced, with a clear, loud, and tremulous voice,—

"Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein, Bin ich--"

("Alone, and yet not all alone, am I.")

The eyes of all were directed toward her. She had come to the second line, when a shrill, sharp sound was heard. It came from the tall Indian-looking girl with the large blue eyes. The next moment she was i her mother's arms! The mother

looked wild with amazement; but she knew it was her daughter, for she joined her mother in singing. But the singing was soon stopped; and a great crowd soon gathered round; and, when matters were fairly understood, a shout of joy went forth from the assembled multitude that made the welkin ring.

The mother's joy was like that of Pericles, the Prince of Tyre, who, according to Shakspeare, when he found his lost daughter Marina, called upon the gods (for he was a heathen) to keep the sea of joy from bursting the shores of his mortality. So it was with this poor widow. She had now found her long-lost daughter.

When little Susan saw what was going on, she came to Regina and refused to leave her; and, as there were none to claim her, Colonel Boquet permitted Regina to take her along.

Mrs. Hartman made up her mind to remain in Carlisle that night, and to start early in the morning for her home. How

they got home, and how they got along at home, you will see in the next chapter. Never was there a happier family. The dead were alive, and the lost were found.

CHAPTER XII.

REGINA AT HOME AGAIN.

HER HABITS—HER AWKWARD PREDICAMENT—HOW SHE

LEARNED GERMAN THE SECOND TIME—HER IMPERFECT

RELIGION—HER TRUE CONVERSION TO GOD—HER CONNECTION WITH THE LUTHERAN CHURCH—MRS. HARTMAN'S CUP OF JOY FULL—HEAVEN UPON EARTH—RELIGION THE BEST OF ALL.

WE last saw Regina in the arms of her affectionate mother in the public square at Carlisle. Mrs. Hartman did not speak to her daughter immediately. More than this, there was such a crowd gathered around the mother and daughter, that they had no opportunity to converse; and they were so overwhelmed with joy that mere words were entirely inadequate to convey their thoughts to each other. There is a language far more expressive than words; the deep and silent gaze of affection reaches

into the heart to an extent that words never could. Mrs. Hartman was wild—yea, almost frantic with delight, and Regina was in the same happy mood. It was a moment of exquisite joy, and almost compensated her for the hardships and sorrows she had endured in her long captivity.

When her mother went to the tavern, which was close by, Regina followed her. They went into a private room. No one was there but Mrs. Hartman, Regina, Susan, Colonel Boquet, and Christian. The mother then first addressed her daughter, but got no answer. This affected her heart very much, and she wept when she found her daughter did not speak to her. Even then the dark thought rapidly flitted through her mind,—"Perhaps, after all, it is not Regina;" but, no, it must be she. How else could she have sung—

"Alone, and yet not all alone, am I"?

And then there were her large, full, blue eyes,—the only part of her beautiful countenance that the rude Indian habits could

not mar or destroy; and the mother went up to her and parted her dark-brown, coarse-looking hair, and under that saw the vestiges of her once beautiful auburn hair.

Regina attempted to speak to her mother, but could not. She had forgotten how to frame and pronounce words in German. She had picked up a few French words from a young Indian woman, who had come from Canada, and who lived near her in New York. She could say nothing but "ma chère mère, ma chère mère"—"my dear mother, my dear mother;" but this was all Greek to Mrs. Hartman. At last, she asked her whether she could not talk German any more. She shook her head. Mrs. Hartman then began to see how matters stood,—viz.: that Regina had forgotten how to speak German. Colonel Boquet had sent for his Canadian German, who could speak English, German, and Indian, and had a long conversation with Regina and her mother, until he was fully satisfied that Mrs. Hartman had really found her daughter. Of course, Regina remained with her mother, and they talked by signs.

Mrs. Hartman asked her if she knew Christian? she shook her head.

They ate their supper; and Susan-having been put under Mrs. Hartman's care until she should be claimed, of course became one of the Hartman family. At night, when they retired to rest, as the tavern was pretty well thronged, Mrs. Hartman, Regina, and Susan had to occupy one bed. Before they retired Mrs. Hartman kneeled down with the girls and prayed. She poured out her heart to God in thankfulness. But they had been in bed a very little time until Regina and Susan got up, which somewhat alarmed Mrs. Hartman, until by signs and motions she was made to understand that they could not sleep in a bed. The Indians have no beds; they sleep on skins and leaves, but never in beds. Regina could not rest in a good soft bed; she, therefore, took a blanket and spread it on the floor, and she and Susan slept very comfortably on the hard boards. Habit seems to be every thing.

Bright and early Mrs. Hartman was up the next morning; and, as soon as breakfast was over, they started. Mrs. Hartman took Regina behind her on the horse, and Christian took Susan. They had a pleasant trip home.

As soon as it was known that Mrs. Hartman had found her daughter, all the neighbors called to see her, and congratulated her on her good fortune. Her home now appeared as pleasant as ever. God had restored her daughter; and Mrs. Hartman felt truly thankful to her heavenly Father for his goodness and mercy. Her life was now to be more devoted to his service.

When they first approached the house, Regina recollected the tall old pine-tree that stood in the yard, throwing its wide-spreading arms over the neat little cottage, and, like a faithful sentinel, protecting it from the sunshine and the storm. How Regina's heart leaped for joy when she recognized this old companion of her youth, under whose dense foliage she had so often sat and laughed and played! When she first saw it she cried out, "Wash-ock! wash-ock!" which means, the green tree. She had forgotten the German word, "baum"

-tree, and, therefore, used the Indian word.

Many amusing scenes might have been witnessed between Regina and the neighbors who called to see her. They could not understand how Regina should have forgotten the German, which was so plain to them. An old, loquacious lady said she could make her talk. She went up to her and took her by the hand, and said, "Come now, Regina, let us talk together;" but Regina could not utter one word in German, so she commenced talking in the Indian language. The old lady was fairly outdone, and gave it up, confessing that the girl had lost her German. Then a grave question arose among the party-will Regina ever be able to learn the German again? The matter was fully discussed; and, finally, it was agreed to by all, that she could never learn German, for she was too old. But those good people were not much acquainted with the laws of mind, or they would have come to a different conclusion. Those who have thought most on the structure and constitution of

the human mind tell us, that early impressions are never obliterated or erased from the mind, and what we call forgetting, is nothing more than a covering up of the first ideas. And the process of recollection is nothing more than an uncovering—something like unrolling an Egyptian mummy. So it is with language; the first one a child learns will remain in the mind, and, under proper circumstances, will come to the light. Mr. Abercrombie, in his "Mental Philosophy," give many illustrations of this fact. Dr. Mühlenberg, too, says that he sometimes met with Swedes who had not spoken their mother-tongue for more than half a century, and yet, on their deathbed, they always prayed in the Swedish language.

Dr. Rush confirms this statement; for he informs us that, when attending persons who had not spoken their mother-tongue for forty, fifty, or sixty years, the long-lost language would invariably return at the approach of death, and they would sing and pray in the language of their youth.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, it is said, when he

came to die, did not speak in the majestic and lofty language of his own creation. He forgot the sweet cadences of those beautiful Latin hymns which he so much admired, but was heard to utter the simple little prayers he had heard and learned to lisp at his mother's knees.

The celebrated Mr. Tennent, a pious Presbyterian preacher, who had made considerable progress in Latin, when he had nearly finished his education fell into a trance, and came very near being buried alive. When he recovered from his trance he had forgotten all his Latin, and commenced to study it the second time. One day, while he was trying to read a page in Cornelius Nepos, he was startled by the rushing of something through his brain, and a moment after he recollected all he had forgotten.

So with Regina. Her German was not forgotten: it was only covered up under the rubbish of the Indian tongue, and, by degrees, her knowledge of the German returned. And when she found herself able to converse in German, many and many an

hour was spent by the family in listening to her account of her hardships and her sufferings. Her prayers and hymns she had not forgotten. These she never neglected; and the reciting of these kept the idea of an ever-present God always alive in her heart. Oh, how important it is that children should early be taught the true knowledge of God even in their infancy. God only knows where their lot may be cast, and how much may depend upon their knowledge of God. Let all children learn to "know God and his Son Jesus Christ, whom to know aright is life eternal."

Regina, as may very readily be imagined, in consequence of her long residence among uncultivated and uncivilized barbarians, was very awkward in her manners and uncouth in her habits. For instance, she did not, as we have already seen, like to lie on a soft bed; she did not even like to sit on a chair; she preferred, Indian fashion, to sit on the ground. She could not bear her clothes at all tight on her body. Nor did she know how to use the knife and fork at the table; and it was some time before

she could get used to her mother's way of cooking. She was very fond of nuts of all kinds; and the acorns of the white-oak, when dried, she preferred even to hickorynuts. She showed her mother how the Indians cured and kept them. They gathered them late in the fall, put them in bags that would hold about a half-bushel, and hung them in the chimney,-or, when they had no chimney, in the loft under the rafters,where they would be smoked. It is said, when thus dried, the acorn will lose its bitter taste and become almost as sweet as the chestnut.

By degrees, Regina learned to speak German. She listened very attentively to the other members of the family; and in some two or three months she began to express herself in German. The blunders she sometimes made, in using Indian words with her German, were very amusing. She loved to hear her mother reading, and especially in the Bible. When she was able to converse readily with her mother, she was very anxious to know where the Bible came from. And when her mother told her that it came from God, she wanted to know all about it;—how God gave it, and when, and to whom? So her mother had to tell her all she knew about it, which was not much, it is true; but, still, it satisfied her curiosity. She told her that God gave the commandments to the children of Israel; that her old pastor at Reutlingen, in Germany, when she went to catechize, had explained the matter to her, and, she was sure, if any body understood the matter, he did. The fact is, she was a simple, pious child of God, and believed all that God said in his blessed word.

It might be said of her,-

"The terms of disputative art
Had never reached her ear;
She laid her hand upon her heart,
And only answered, 'Here.'"

When Regina could speak German pretty well again, she was exceedingly anxious to be able to read. So her mother and her brother Christian taught her, and Susan also. They soon mastered the A B C's; and, during the long winter nights, they

both learned to read. Regina used to say, "Oh, if she could only converse with God, and have God to converse with her, she would be so happy!" She had learned in her catechism that we converse with God in prayer, and that he converses with us in his word. Hence her anxiety to read his word.

In the spring of 1766 she was sent to Tulpehocken to catechize; and on Whitsuntide she was confirmed according to the usages of the Lutheran church. The pastor (Rev. J. N. Kurtz) was very faithful in the discharge of his duty. He was a pious and holy man of the Franckean school. came to this country as a candidate from Halle in 1745, and, for a few years, was assistant preacher to Dr. H. M. Mühlenberg. He was a man of deep Christian experience,—as were all the ministers who were educated at Halle. These men came here to do good, to build up a spiritual temple to the Lord. Mühlenberg, Handshuh, Heinzelman, Krug, Rouss, J. Nicholas Kurtz and William Kurtz, and many others, were all men of this school. Practical

piety was of more importance to them than a mere dead orthodoxy.

In order to give the reader an exact idea of the state of things in the Lutheran church at that period, we must here occupy a few pages with a digression, and show them how matters stood at that time.

The Lutheran church dates from October 30, 1517, when Luther burnt the pope's bull at Wittenberg, thus manfully setting his power at defiance. Luther, in the hands of God, was the principal instrument of the Reformation. The Reformation grew out of his conversion to God. His conversion was marked and decided. He had to drink the wormwood and the gall. Deep and long and pungent were the agonies of his awakened soul. You will find a full and extensive account of his awakening and conversion in the book, "Luther, by a Lutheran,"-the fullest you can find anywhere. Read it carefully.

The Reformation grew out of his conversion. Of this there can be no doubt. For, without his experimental piety, his

learning, his talents, and his almost superhuman eloquence, could never have accomplished this mighty work. We must not forget that Philip Melancthon, who was also a truly pious man, was a great help to Luther. He did much, by his learning and piety, in promoting the Reformation. As long as these holy men lived, our church prospered. Nothing could stand before her. This may be called the golden age of our church. But, as soon as these holy men had fallen asleep in the Lord, a different spirit prevailed. The fathers of the Lutheran church, as soon as the blessed Reformers were dead, got into the unholy spirit of rancorous controversy, and, having lost the spirit of experimental piety, instead of manfully battling with sin and popery as their fathers had done, foolishly turned their acrimonious weapons against each other. In those long-continued and often bitter and unchristian controversies, the contention was more for the outward form of godliness than for its inward power. Those learned doctors who were most zealous for

uniformity and orthodoxy were generally the least pious. This has always been the case, and is true in our own age. piety must always be found among the ministers of the Protestant church, or she cannot prosper. The church of Rome, and all Protestant churches which, like the church of Rome, place more confidence in forms than in living piety, can get along without piety in their ministers. The people must have either an active, living piety, or liturgies and ceremonies and forms. So it has always been, so it is now. Human nature is the same in all ages and in all countries. The spirit of controversy grew hotter and hotter until it reached its culminating point, about 1580. During this turbulent age, theological education was neglected, and personal piety was scarcely thought of. Dr. Spener says,-"The students entered the university without any idea of what theology was, regarding it as a mere matter of memory. Prayer and personal piety were considered as of no consequence. He who became an experimental Christian, or who dared to advocate vital

piety, was stigmatized as a Pharisee or a Rosierucian."

Though the standard of piety was low, yet the Lord always had his faithful servants in our church; he never forsook her altogether. In the darkest hours of the church the Lord always raised up and qualified men of commanding talents to fight her battles, and to labor and pray and suffer for her welfare.

And this fact should give hope and encouragement to those who are now warring against the inroads formalism and semipopery are making upon the Lutheran church in America. Let them stand fast; God is on their side. The Lutheran church needed a second Reformation, not from the shackles of popery, but from the formalism and error that had usurped the place of true piety in her own bosom. And God raised up a succession of holy and godly ministers, who, from time to time, carried forward this glorious work. And so he will continue to do until his church shall be "bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

The first of these Reformers was Stephen Prætorius, pastor at Saltzwedel, a man of deep piety, who preached and wrote much in favor of experimental piety. He aimed at a revival of true religion in the Lutheran church. This good man was, of course, persecuted and basely slandered by the orthodox party; but he was firm and consistent, and acquired great influence. He was the friend and companion of John Arndt, and had no little influence upon the mind of the immortal author of the "True Christianity."

John Arndt was born in 1555, just nine years after Luther's death. He lost his father, who was one of the Reformers, in 1565; and, like Luther, he was a charity-scholar at Magdeburg. What we mean by a charity-scholar in those days was this:—children whose parents were not able to support them while at school, were obliged to go round the town, from house to house, and sing at the people's doors. The kind people would then give them a piece of bread. This is the way many great men received their education. John Arndt studied at

some three or four universities, but chiefly at Strasburg. He was awakened and truly converted to God during a spell of sickness. He was a great preacher, and labored hard to promote true religion in the church. Few men have done more to promote spiritual religion than he. But he was bitterly persecuted, and very rudely attacked by such men as Osiander, Corain, Schelwig, Rostius, and others of the high-church party. They preached against him; and in their sermons—some of which are still extant - they charged him with being a mystic, an enthusiast, a heretic, and a false prophet. He was a burning and a shining light in the church; and, though being dead, he yet speaketh, in the "True Christianity," a book as extensively read as any uninspired book in the world, and a book that will be read and admired amid the splendors of the millennial glory.

John Arndt may be looked upon as the second great reformer in the Lutheran church, and as standing at the head of the evangelical party, and opposed to the

other party that has always been more concerned about forms and ceremonies than true piety.

This good and holy man was the founder of the school of Pietism in the Lutheran church. When Arndt died, the fire that he had kindled did not go out. God raised up other holy men, who carried the good work forward.

Dr. Philip J. Spener, the successor of Arndt, was born in 1635, and was one of the most pious and eloquent preachers that ever lived. By a single sermon this devoted and powerful preacher produced the most intense excitement throughout the whole city of Frankfort. He was the great revival preacher of his age. Many sinners became awakened under his preaching, and, like revival preachers of the present day, he found it necessary to employ other means than merely standing at arm's-length from the sinner. Hence, he instituted his pious conferences, which he called "Collegia Pietatis," out of which our "anxious-

^{*} A full and very interesting Life of Arnor, by Rev. Dr. Morris, of Baltimore, has been recently published (in English) by the publisher of this work.

meetings" have very naturally grown. For this he was persecuted and branded as a heretic, a Quaker, and a Pietist.

Dr. Spener was deeply interested for young people. He was much in favor of catechizing, but was opposed to the abuse of the system of the catechism. And, to correct the evils often connected with the catechism, he published a series of sermons on the Lutheran Catechism.

Spener was the instrument, in the hands of God, of influencing the Elector of Brandenburg to found the University of Halle. This was in 1690. The founding of this university forms a new era in the history of true piety.

The successor of Spener was Hermann Augustus Franke, who was born in 1663. In 1692, Franke, at Spener's request, was appointed professor at Halle. The results of his labors there are well known throughout the whole Christian world; his faith, his prayers and labors can never be forgotten.

Franke was a man deeply experienced in religion. When he commenced preaching he was not converted. He gives us an account of his conversion, which is quite interesting, showing us that converted people then felt as they do now.

Franke, like thousands of his contemporaries, had assumed the ministerial office without conversion; but, like the great Origen, it pleased God to make the sermon he had intended for others, the instrument of his own conversion. Here is his own account:—

"While I was preparing a sermon on John xx. 31, 'That believing ye might have life through his name,'—while meditating on these words, the thought occurred to me that I myself had no faith in Christ. It was in vain I endeavored to resist the strong conviction that fastened on my mind. In the deepest agony of mind I knelt down and prayed that God would have compassion on my soul. But no answer of mercy came. In this agonized state of mind, I resolved that unless a change occurred I would not preach, for I could not think of preaching against my own conscience. I felt then what it was to

have no God. In deep distress of mind, I knelt down again and called upon the God and Savior whom I knew not, and believed not in, for deliverance from this miserable condition. The Lord heard my prayer and answered it instantly. All my doubts were at once removed. I was assured in my heart of the grace of God in Christ; all sorrow at once departed, and I was inundated as with a flood of joy! I now felt as if through my whole life I had been in a profound sleep and had performed all my actions in a dream."

From that hour Franke dated his conversion. More than forty years afterward—in the garden of the orphan-house at Halle, where he offered his last prayer—he acknowledged that God had opened a fountain in his heart at the hour of his conversion, from which streams of joy and comfort had flowed ever since. This man, with his renewed heart, accomplished, single-handed and alone, what no other human being did:—he sent, during his lifetime, more than six thousand ministers into the church, and

some of them to the ends of the earth as missionaries.

Franke seems to have been raised up by Providence to carry forward the work commenced by Arndt and Spener.

It is a delightful task to trace the mighty working of divine grace in such a heart as Franke's;—to see that grace, like a pent-up fountain in the mountain-side, bursting its embankments and scooping out new channels of benevolence! With a moral heroism truly sublime, he plunged into unknown regions of benevolence, and explored continents of charity of whose existence other Christians had scarcely ever dreamed.

Franke, in compliance with the wishes of his great and good friend, Spener, never lost sight of the great object for which he was placed at Halle. Hence he labored and prayed to bring the Lutheran church into a better state. The American Lutheran church (so called by the fathers themselves in the Synod of 1785) is an offshoot from Halle. Those godly men who planted the Lutheran church in America were near-

ly all educated at Halle, and brought the same spirit that prevailed there over to this country: - Mühlenberg, Heinzelman, Handshuh, Voight, Schmidt, Kunze, Nicholas and William Kurtz, Helmuth, Schultze, Rouss, and others.

These were all pious, practical, and energetic Christians,—men who had themselves experienced true religion, as the hymnbooks and liturgies they prepared for our infant church in this country fully show. Their liturgy of 1785 has more holy unction than any once since prepared, and their hymn-book has more of the spirit of living piety than those of a later date. And, indeed, all their writings that have come down to us show that they were pious and holy men. There was little of the churchly element in their theology. In their day the fountains of learning in Germany had not yet been poisoned by modern Rationalism. Faith in Christ was of more importance to them than creed and confessions. The American Lutheran church has been true to the principles of her fathers; and, if it were not for a foreign

element more recently imported among us, there would be no controversy in our church at present. Here, now, after the lapse of more than one hundred years, the Lutheran church still remains the freest and the purest in the world. The noble school at Halle—the great bulwark of pure Lutheranism—was swamped in the union of 1817.

It was one of those wise yet mysterious movements of Providence, that the good seed of evangelical piety sown at Halle should be transplanted to this Western world while experimental piety was the reigning element there. Here, in this new world, God seems to have housed his church from the storms and tempests which swept with such terrific force over the fatherland. Here the Lutheran church was to commence a new career. Unlike the church in Europe, she was here to be free and unshackled, as she had been in the beginning. Here a high and noble destiny awaited her.

This church has already, under many disadvantages, worked out mighty results, and

she is destined to perform yet higher and nobler deeds. God is in our midst; and, if we are true to her interests and cling to the cross, the light from the altar-fires of our American Lutheran church will be reflected back to the land of her birth and rekindle the flames of a living piety upon the frozen heart of her lifeless formalism.

Disguise it as we will, the Lutheran church in Germany has been untrue to her mission. She has mistaken the dim rushlight of human reason for the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. She has wickedly set aside God's holy Sabbaths, and set her face against God's revivals, and thrust aside God's Bible. Confessional religion she has enough of-she has creeds and confessions enough—she has orthodoxy enough; but her living piety is too small-too feeble.

After these remarks - which do not properly belong to our narrative of Regina's life - the reader will be prepared for what follows in the experience of Regina.

While attending a course of lectures un-

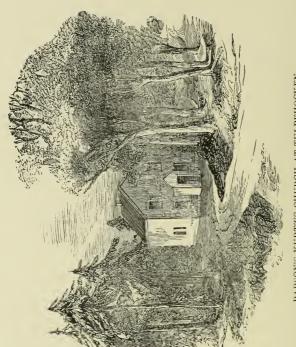
der the Rev. J. N. Kurtz, she and nearly all the young people who attended with her became deeply interested in the salvation of their souls. The pastor was true to his charge, and, by prayer and exhortation, he continued to pour the light and truth of the gospel into their minds. He found this an excellent opportunity for doing good. He addressed the children personally and directly.

One day, just before confirmation, Regina came home much depressed in mind,—so much so that the fond eye of her mother noticed that something was wrong with her.

"What is the matter, my child?" said the mother.

"Oh!" said Regina, unable to suppress the rising emotion of her troubled heart, "I do not know; but I feel so bad. I have been such a great sinner. And the minister to-day explained from the Catechism the nature of conversion; and, among other things, he said we must all be converted or be lost. Then we all





PARSON'S KURTZ'S CHURCH AT TULPEHOCKEN.

sang that beautiful hymn out of the Cate-chism,—

" 'Steh armes kind wo eilst du hin, Erkenne dein verderben.'"

Here she burst out in an uncontrollable fit of weeping. Her heart was almost broken, and she could say no more.

Her mother, who had once been an awakened sinner, knew at once what was the matter. The Spirit of God had touched her heart, and the waters of repentance were flowing from her eyes. The pious mother thanked God, and directed her as well as she could to the Savior. Regina prayed much that night and the few days that intervened before her confirmation; but she found no peace.

On Saturday, early in the morning, she and her mother started before day to travel about twenty miles; for they had to go that distance to church. Regina was deeply distressed when they came to the good old pastor's house. He lived near the place where the Tulpehocken church stands; it was then a log church. The pastor re-

ceived them very kindly, and soon inquired into Regina's spiritual state, and found her to be deeply penitent. He was, of course, glad to see this, and talked very affectionately with her, and directed her to the Lamb of God, who beareth the sins of the world. He told her she must give her heart to the Lord Jesus.

The other children now all gathered at the house of the sexton, who lived in the woods; and there the girls all put on their pretty white caps, and, being all dressed in white, made a fine appearance. This used to be the custom in our church; it was a useless, though an innocent, custom. It was, perhaps, originally intended to typify the innocence of the catechumens, and was handed down, some suppose, from the days of the apostles.

Webster says,—"Whitsuntide—the feast of Pentecost—is derived from white, Sunday, and tide, and is so called because, in the primitive church, those who were newly baptized, or the catechumens, appeared at church in white garments." The word tide means a season.

Well, the girls—some eighteen or twenty in number—put on their nice white caps, and assembled in the school-house, where the pastor met them, and, after singing and prayer, they were examined before the church council. They were all deeply affected. From the school-house they marched in procession to the church, where a large congregation was assembled. The pastor then preached an excellent sermon from Isaiah lxi. 8;—"And I will make an everlasting covenant with them." He preached faithfully and powerfully, and deep were the impressions made upon the hearts of all. The young people were so much excited that you could hear them weeping and sobbing all over the house; and many a sturdy sinner, who was reminded of bygone days, was affected to tears.

The children were then called to the altar, where they took upon themselves the vows their parents had made for them in baptism. They then knelt down, and the man of God laid his hands on them and offered up a short prayer. This is confirmation. But he took care to exhort them to give themselves away to the Lord in an everlasting covenant. Regina did this, and found peace in believing in Christ her Savior. She felt that the burden of sin was removed and she had found her Savior. Oh, how happy she was! Jesus was now precious to her heart; and she could now sing that beautiful German hymn,—

"Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden."

This is one of the most spiritual hymns in any language; and we will here furnish you with Mr. Mills's translation of it into English. It was composed by Rothe.

"I now have found, for hope of heav'n,
An anchor-ground that firm will hold;
One—through the cross of Jesus giv'n,
By God predestin'd from of old;
A ground that shall enduring stay
When earth and skies have pass'd away.

"'Tis mercy,—mercy never-ending,
Whose measure all our thoughts excels;
The arms of pity wide-extending,
Of Him whose heart for sinners feels,
And whose compassion warns his foes
To fly from sin and endless woes.

"Of all beside were I forsak'n

That could my soul or body cheer;
If ev'ry joy of earth were tak'n,

And not a friend were left me here,—
One joy remains—the brightest, best,—
With pard'ning love I still am blest.

"Upon this ground I will sustain me
As long as earth my dwelling prove;
To serve my God and Savior train me,
Till, dying, I shall rise above;
And there, rejoicing, will adore
Unbounded mercy evermore!"

This does not give the full unction of the original; but it is the best we have.

Regina and her mother did not go home that day. One of the elders of the church invited them to his house, where they remained, for the purpose of attending the communion on the following Sabbath. They had a refreshing time of it. God was in their midst; and they went on their way rejoicing.

On their way home Regina told her mother what the Lord had done for her soul. They were both happy: the mother rejoiced in the conversion of her daughter, and the daughter rejoiced in her new spiritual life.

Oh, how pleasantly their days and hours moved along!

Regina applied her mind to improvement and made rapid progress. She often looked back upon her past life, and thanked God for having led her by a way that she knew not. The Lord had meant it all for her good. She was now, after all her sufferings and toils, brought to a knowledge of God. Her father was dead, George and Barbara were no more; but her Savior lived.

That summer Regina and her mother made a visit to Philadelphia, where they had an interview with Dr. Henry M. Mühlenberg,—from whom Regina received a Bible and hymn-book, which she kept till the day of her death. It was during this visit that Dr. Mühlenberg received from Regina's own lips the account which he has given us of her thrilling history, and of which this is an enlargement.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WIDOW'S HOME MADE HAPPY.

CHRISTIAN AND SUSAN—THEIR CONVERSION—CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH—COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

AFTER Regina's conversion she became very active in discharging all her known duties. Prayer was her pleasure and delight. She often retired to converse in secret with her Savior. She knew that Christians must be "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world," and that they were not to "hide their light under a bushel." Her sphere of usefulness, it is true, was limited. There were few neighbors, and but few strangers ever came to that obscure and remote corner where she lived; but there was Christian, her brother, now fast approaching manhood, and Susan, who was bound to her heart by a thousand

ties. Though both well trained in their moral feelings, yet they lacked the one thing needful; for Regina never was taught by her Bible or her pastor that baptism was regeneration. She, therefore, frequently talked with them about their souls' salvation. They soon saw what they were by nature. And it was agreed that Regina should teach Christian and Susan the catechism; and that next Easter they should also attend a course of lectures at the Tulpehocken church,—which they did, and both were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

Time passed on; we have not space to record all the many incidents that occurred in the Hartman family. Suffice it to say, that the widow's heart was made glad by the piety and obedience of her children. Her husband and George and Barbara were in heaven, as she really believed, and herself and Regina and Christian were on the way to that happy, happy home.

Several years rolled by without producing any more than the ordinary changes. Christian was now a man.

He was past twenty-one years old; and Susan, as near as they could come at her age, was about nineteen. She was not tall, but thickly-set and closely-knit, with dark raven hair and piercing black eyes. She had, by carefully protecting her face from the sun, lost much of her Indian color. She was cheerful and lively, and very even-tempered, and rather shy. It was not much to be wondered at that Christian should form an attachment for her. They were often together, and, before they knew it, they loved each other. It is true they tried to hide it from Regina and her mother; but Mrs. Hartman had penetration enough to see it. They had no occasion to be ashamed of loving each other. There was no impropriety in doing what all have done from the beginning and will do to the end of time. Men and women were made to love each other. But, somehow or other, these modest and pious young people thought nobody ought to know that they loved each other!

One day, Mrs. Hartman said to Regina, when they were alone,—

"Well, I suppose Christian and Susan love each other, and they had better get married. Susan is a fine girl, and I love her; and, when I am dead and gone, Christian will take care of her."

"Yes," replied Regina, "I think so too."

"Suppose we speak to them about it."
"Very well."

So it was agreed that Mrs. Hartman would talk with Christian, and Regina with Susan. I need not tell you how Christian and Susan both blushed out the full confirmation of the conjectures of Regina and her mother, and how readily they consented to the arrangements thus proposed. Christian and Susan loved each other with a pure and holy love. Their hearts had long since been melted into one heart.

This proposal was made in the summer; and it was suggested by the mother that the wedding should come off in the fall, as soon as the seeding was over. I need not tell you how pleasantly they spent the interval. Nor need I inform you how, when Mrs. Hartman told Susan to blow

the dinner-horn for Christian, she could not find it, and would prefer running out to the field and calling him! Nor how Christian would do every thing he could to lighten Susan's labors: how he would chop the wood very fine and carry it into the kitchen, and how he would go to the spring for water, and how he would stand by when she was milking in the evening and carry the milk-pail to the spring-house. These things were all natural. Their love seemed to increase from day to day.

At length the time approached that they were to be married. They went over the mountains, and were married at the old stone parsonage. There was no great parade made at their nuptials. To-besure, when they came home next day, some of the neighbors had gathered to congratulate them, and to eat a roasted turkey and other good things.

Christian now took charge of the farm, and Regina and her mother had their home with him. Susan was now in reality the mistress of the house; but she re-

mained the same humble and affectionate child. She assumed no authority; took no airs upon herself; worked just as she had all along been doing. And Christian, too, was the same. There was no contract made between him and his mother. When he sold a cow, or grain, or any thing else, the money was put in his mother's chest, where all had access to it. A neighbor once suggested that, as Christian was now of age and married, it would be right and proper for him to purchase the farm; but neither he nor his mother could see the necessity of such a measure. They could all live together in peace; and, as Christian used to say, "As long as I have bread you will all have it." Regina, too, had confidence in her brother, and knew he would do right. So, then, the property remained as it had been since the death of Mr. Hartman, except that Christian—by the advice of a lawyer in Reading-had the land patented.

Years rolled pleasantly along, and children were born in the Hartman family, both boys and girls. The oldest was a girl,

and was called Regina, who was her godmotner; and the next was a little blackheaded boy, who was called John, after his grandfather. I need not tell you how deeply Regina and her mother were interested in those children. They were all so kind and attentive to the children that the poor little things scarcely knew which was their right mother. Little Regina used to call Susan her little mother, Mrs. Hartman her old mother, and Regina her big mother! These children were the light and joy of the house; yes, the sunshine of heaven seems to come down through little children in the habitations of men. They seem to be flowers of paradise, plucked by angels' hands, and planted on earth to make us happy.

Regina commenced teaching them as soon as they could be taught, and they became good and obedient children. God dwelt in this pious family.

Age began to make his mark on Mrs. Hartman. She was now past threescore years, and her vigorous constitution commenced giving way to the weight of years and hardships through which she had passed.

Regina, too, was now pretty well up in thirty, and had given up all idea of ever marrying. She often told her mother she would never get married, but would stay with her and take care of her in her old days. Nothing could induce her to change her mind in this respect. She had a pleasant and a happy home, and her heart was so much occupied in religious matters, and with Susan's children and her aged mother, that she thought of little else. Never was there a more dutiful daughter, as the sequel will fully show.

Regina and her mother often went to church; and, as Mrs. Hartman was becoming feeble, she rode, and Regina walked. And often they would remain over night with some of the church members in the neighborhood of the church, and sometimes with the pastor—the Rev. Emanuel Schultz, who was then the Lutheran preacher at Tulpehocken. He also was a good and holy man. He died in 1812, I think; and the Rev. Dr. Lochman

(then of Lebanon) preached his funeral sermon.

Christian prospered in worldly matters and lived a cheerful and happy life. He had been a good boy, and he became a good man, as is generally the case. Good boys and good girls make good men and good women, for the same reason that good seed will always produce good fruit. Youth is the time to lay the foundation to be good in mature years. Permit me here to offer a few reasons why you should become pious in your youth.

In your youth your hearts are more open to conviction. You are not hardened in sin. Nearly all the heathen that become converted by the labors of the missionaries are awakened in their youth and in the Sabbath-schools. Sin is like a fearful disease: the longer it is permitted to run the worse it is.

We send children—not old people—to school, because youth is the time to learn. Few ever learn to read who do not learn it before they are twenty years old. When

men and women get old they generally practise what they learned in their youth.

Most persons that are pious became so in their youth; and the great majority of those who neglect religion in their youth go to the grave and to the bar of God in an impenitent state. What an awful thought! How this should alarm the young who neglect their souls!

Youth is the spring-time of life; and the improvement of this precious season will determine the glory of summer, the abundance of autumn, and the supply for the cold and chilling winter. Youth is the morning of life; and if the sun does not rise before noon it rarely ever rises at all.

"Remember, then, your Creator in the days of your youth, before the evil days come,"—as come they surely will,—and without piety you will have no pleasure in them.

Look at the case of Regina. With not half the advantages and light which you possess, she was firm and steadfast even among the savage Indians, where the very name of God was not known, and where every temptation was thrown in her way, and where she had none to take her by the hand and encourage her; yet she continued to follow the little light she had:—she said her prayers under the trees, and at last she was brought to the Savior and made happy in him.

Recollect, she had no pious Sabbath-school teacher, as you have; and no good little books, such as you have. The children of our Sabbath-schools have great reason to thank God for all the blessings they enjoy; and they ought to make good use of their time, and not let their great advantages sink them deeper into ruin in the world of hopeless sorrow and despair.

CHAPTER XIV.

REGINA AND HER MOTHER.

PIETY OF MRS. HARTMAN — HER SICKNESS — REGINA'S
CEASELESS ATTENTION TO HER AFFLICTED MOTHER—HER
HAPPINESS IN PROSPECT OF HEAVEN—HER HAPPY DEATH.

REGINA was happy and contented with ner lot. God was always in her thoughts; and, as she had been fortunate enough to procure a copy of Arndt's "True Christianity" and "Paradise Garden," she had something to occupy her time. Sometimes, too, she would make little Indian baskets, and other things she had learned among the Indians, for the children. She made rapid progress in the divine life, although she often deplored her proneness to sin and her apathy toward heavenly things. Yet she loved her Savior with a sincere heart and pure affection. He was her all. She had learned to know him by a happy experience, and he was "the fairest among ten thousand" to

her. Arndt's "True Christianity" was a great help to her. She had formed her religious views from the Bible and Arndt, and had, of course, a good system. This is one of the best systems of biblical and practical theology in the world; and any person who reads it must become pious and holy. Regina was much in the habit of reading this excellent book; and, as her mother's eyesight had failed, she read aloud every day, so that all could hear it, both from the Bible and Arndt's book. Regina was particularly fond of the twentieth chapter of the first book of the "True Christianity," which she had read over so often that she knew it by heart. And, as it did her so much good, perhaps it may be of some service to the reader; we will, therefore, furnish a translation of this beautiful chapter. It is based upon a passage in Heb. xiii. 14:-"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

"All the temporal blessings which God has provided for us are given for the support of our earthly existence. They should only be applied for this purpose. We

should receive every thing from God with contentment and gratitude. We should always endeavor to use all the gifts of God with a view of promoting the objects for which they are given. If a man abounds in wealth, it is given him as a trial, to see how he would employ it, - whether he would remain submissive to God, love and esteem him above all things, or whether he would withdraw his heart from God, yield to the world and its lusts, and thus barter his eternal salvation for the transitory things of this life! God, who, consistently with his wisdom and holiness, never compels man to do good,-for that only is true godliness and virtue which is performed with delight and a willing mind, -has, on this account, left it optional with man what course to take; while, through the medium of riches, talents, and honors, he proves him, to see how he would be disposed toward God:--whether he would thereby suffer himself to be separated from God, or remain faithful to him. So then he can be judged according to his own choice,—according to Moses: Deut. xxx. 19.

"Dear Christian, ever bear in mind that the objects of this world are not designed to be your chief good, but that God has conferred them upon you that you should enjoy them in a proper way. You are placed over them as a steward, in order to show that you have been faithful in small things, so that ultimately God may place you over greater things in heaven. Many, alas! neglect this. They seek their greatest pleasure and gratification in sensual indulgence: - in eating and drinking, in costly attire, in splendor and glory, in an effeminate manner of living, and in other earthly enjoyments. By these things they neglect God and lose heaven, to prepare for whose enjoyment they were created and placed in this world. Guard against such a delusion. Keep constantly before your eyes the grand object of your creation. Let this sentiment ever be impressed upon your mind:—'We are but sojourners and pilgrims and candidates for heaven; hence, we will act accordingly. We will use temporal things for our support, to supply our wants and properly to sustain our bodies;

and the pleasant things which may fall to our lot in this pilgrim-world—the possession of which is uncertain, as their enjoyment is transient-shall not so much engage our attention as to cause us to lose our better inheritance in heaven, which is to endure forever. We will enjoy them with a constant remembrance of God, endeavoring always to preserve a pure and holy heart. and never so ardently seek, wish for, or use the world as though we regarded it as our chief good; but heaven shall remain our greatest delight and treasure, and nothing in this world shall give us so much joy and be so highly esteemed.' Endeavor always to cherish such a frame of mind, for this is the evidence of being a true Christian.

"While we are pilgrims and strangers on earth, why should men, for the sake of earthly things which all perish in their using, expose themselves to the wrath of God?

"For what would it profit a man, though he enjoyed the greatest pleasures and the most abundant riches and were held in the highest esteem, if he had no hope of heaven?

"He who would be better advised, and

lay up treasures in heaven which time cannot destroy nor death take from him, should always remember that there is another and a better world, and he should lay up treasures there. He who does not do this lives in folly and blindness. He lives like an irrational creature, and, as such, he will perish forever. Ps. xlix. 20.

"Such a one might rejoice in God his Savior. He might be sustained by the blessed comforts of religion and attain to the unspeakable happiness of heaven; yea, he might participate in those blessed luxuries of true godliness, which are far superior to all the joys of the mere worldling; but he rejoices in sin and worldliness and seeks only its transitory joys! This is a low and degraded state of mind. He was indeed created for a blessed immortality, but, like a beast, he desires to live at ease only to the hour of his death. Such are poor, deluded, miserable men, that sit, as the prophet truly says, 'in the valley and shadow of death.'

"It should occasion the Christian no regret that he is a stranger and a pilgrim in

this fleeting world; but this fact should teach him that he was created for a higher and a nobler state of existence beyond the grave. Hence, true Christians do not look at this world as their home, but they look forward to one far more glorious and blessed, for which they would give two worlds like the present; yea, they would offer up their lives and all they had for the sake of that better world!

"The true Christian inwardly rejoices. He daily blesses God for the hope of heaven, and is deeply concerned that he may become rich in good works, and thus become more and better prepared for the enjoyment of that inheritance for which God created and Jesus Christ redeemed him."

This was the teaching that made Regina strong in the Lord. She looked upon this world only as a means of attaining a higher and more blessed state of being.

In the fall of the year, Mrs. Hartman was taken ill. Her sickness was severe from the beginning; and being old, and having endured many hardships, she herself said it would be unto death. She

helped herself as long as she could; but at length her strength failed her, and Regina watched over her with the tenderest care. She prayed with her, and sang those cheering German hymns that have smoothed the passage to the grave for millions.

Mrs. Hartman had very clear and enlarged views of Christ and his work of redemption. She had served him from her youth, and, as she used to say, "He will not now forsake me in mine old age." She spent much of her time in prayer; and Regina had to read to her those cheering and refreshing prayers in Starcke's Prayer-Book, prepared for the dying. Oh, how happy true religion can make Christians in a dying hour!

How true it is that

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his heart I lean my head
And breathe my soul out sweetly there!"

All this Mrs. Hartman and every other child of God experienced. Regina had many an excellent conversation with her mother about the things of God; and the

heroic conduct of her mother strengthened her own soul, and often made her wish that her time to die would also soon come.

This fall Mrs. Hartman could not attend communion at the church. And yet she had a sincere desire once more to eat and drink "the body and blood" of her Savior. She, therefore, requested Christian to go across the mountains and bring the Rev. Emanuel Schultz (then pastor of the Lutheran church at Tulpehocken) over. Mr. Schultz came; and Regina joined her mother in the communion. Mr. Schultz had a great deal of conversation with Mrs. Hartman and Regina, and was amazed at the clear and intelligent views they had of religion. He used to say, "that among the mountains, in small cabins, he believed there was more true piety than in the splendid mansions of the wealthy."

He used to say of this visit, that "he was as much benefited as the poor dying widow. It does a pious minister good to see a saint on the borders of the promised land, and to hear the soul's testimony to the truth of the doctrines he has been

teaching." They had a solemn and a blessed time; it was good to be there.

When the good pastor was gone, Mrs. Hartman said to Regina, "Now, my dear daughter, I am prepared to depart in peace. I desire to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord. I have given up all; and I am now ready to depart."

Regina wept. How could she part with her mother?—that dear, affectionate mother, who had done so much for her. Yet she knew it was her duty to submit. She made up her mind, therefore, to submit to the will of her heavenly Father.

Soon after, Mrs. Hartman began to sink. Her strength was gone, and she felt that death was coming on rapidly. But as she approached the dark waters of the Jordan of death, her faith became stronger and her hope brighter. Her religion sustained her in every trial and did not forsake her in a dying hour.

Before she became insensible, she had all the family called around her dying bed, and exhorted them to love and serve God and to promise to meet her in heaven. It was solemn and affecting to hear her exhortations. The whole family was deeply affected, and many tears were shed. God was there. The impressions then made upon the hearts of all present were not soon forgotten! There was deep silence in the humble cottage. Mrs. Hartman was dying; but her faith was strong in the Lord, and the grim monster, death, was changed into a messenger of peace. Mrs. Hartman had thought so much of death, and lived in such a state of preparation for this solemn event, that she felt calm and resigned. Like Arndt, from whose writings she had learned so much, she made many preparations of which most persons never think.

It is said that Arndt preached his own funeral sermon from Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6:—
"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." This sermon was preached at Zell, on the 30th of May, 1621. When he came out of the church, he remarked to his ex-

cellent wife, "I have now preached my own funeral sermon." It was so; for, soon after he took sick and died.

Mrs. Hartman selected her own funeral text; also the clothes she wished to be buried in; gave directions about her funeral, and then committed her soul into the hands of her merciful Savior. To die was to her the most pleasant part of her life. God her Savior was with her, and, while others were weeping, she alone was calm and happy.

God, in his mercy, made her passage to the grave light and easy. She died without a struggle or a groan. So calm and tranquil was her end, that those who stood around her dying bed did not know for some time that her pure, blood-washed spirit had taken its flight to the bosom of her Savior.

"If this be dying," exclaimed a neighborwoman, "then 'let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Regina was deeply affected. She longed for the hour of her own departure. But she did not murmur. God had done it; and she felt it her duty to submit to his will. When the funeral was over, the house seemed very gloomy. Even the little children trod softly for some days. Christian and Susan became more earnest in their religion; and this visitation of God's providence was greatly blessed to the whole family. All laid the death of the beloved mother to heart. She was faithful in life and beloved in death.

In looking back upon the life of Mrs. Hartman, we find a rare example of piety and good sense, and warm devotion to her family. We see her, indeed, in humble and lowly circumstances, but true to her duty both as a wife and a mother. It is delightful to trace the workings of the mighty grace of God in such a heart, and to see religion in such a simple form. With little mental culture, and less worldly refinement, we have all the pure and elevated piety of the most accomplished Christian. Look at her pure affection and undying love for her lost daughter; look, too, at her more than Spartan heroism in trying to recover her lost child! But she is gone; her record is on high.

CHAPTER XV.

REGINA-HER CHARACTER-HER PIETY-HER END.

REGINA felt lonesome for some time after the death of her mother; but her strong confidence in God enabled her to be reconciled to her affliction. She remained with her brother Christian, and spent her time in reading and prayer and making herself useful in the family.

Arndt's "True Christianity" was, next to the Bible, her best companion. She loved to read it, and also to meditate upon what she read. She found it an inexhaustible source of comfort and consolation.

She went to church as often as she could, which, during the summer, was once a month; for the pastor (Rev. E. Schultz) only preached once every four weeks in Tulpehocken.

Regina became quite an intelligent Christian for the opportunities she had. She was much respected by all who knew her; but always—even when she was quite an old woman—was called "the Indian maid."

She paid great attention to the religious education of Susan's children. She often talked with them of the Savior, and pointed out to them the way of salvation.

She was habitually grave and serious, but not melancholy and morose. She used to say, "She could not see why Christians should not be cheerful and happy." She had made her peace with God. She was washed in the blood of Christ, and, through him, she had a hope of heaven; and she knew he was all-powerful and could keep that which was committed into his hands.

She saw little company, and cared but little about the things of this world, which all perish in their using. There were only a few families that she ever visited. One of them was a house about four miles from where she lived; and in that house there was a pious old German woman, who was much afflicted. She had spinal disease, and was confined to her bed for many years. Regina used to

visit her once a week and converse with her; and she always took Arndt's "True Christianity" along and read a chapter or two for her edification. In this way she did good to all she could. She loved to visit the sick; it was part of her religion, and it was also good for her own soul. Thus she spent her time, in the service of her God and Savior, until she became old; and died at a good old age, with strong confidence in the Lord.

She was buried by the side of her mother; and, though no monument marks the spot where she lies, the angels watch over her sleeping dust. Her record is on high; and her soul dwells with that blessed Savior who loved her and bought her with his own blood, who watched over her when she was among the wild Indians, and who brought her back to her mother, and at last sanctified her with his own precious blood, and fitted her for a seat of glory at his right hand in heaven.

Thus we see what the grace of God can do. How wonderful are God's ways! Verily, he "is no respecter of persons,"

but will hear all those of every nation who will call upon his holy name.

We are now done with the history of Regina. And we would ask the dear children who read this narrative, to take Regina for a pattern. See how faithful she was. She used her talent well. She had not half the opportunities which many of you have, and yet she found her way to the feet of her Redeemer. See, too, what good use she made of the little knowledge she had of the Lord. She never saw a Sabbath-school, nor ever had the advantages of a library. Make good use of your time; learn all you can while you are young, and it will serve you perhaps in old age; or if, like poor Regina, you should meet with misfortunes, you will have a real treasure to fall back upon. The same blessed Savior who followed Regina among the savage Indians, and who watched over her, is also your Savior, and is following you, and watching over you to make you happy. Shall he seek you in vain? Oh, no; let every one determine that he or she will also seek the Lord. May God bless this little book to your soul's good!















